

THE SCOURGE.

JULY 1st, 1813.

CONTENTS.

LETTER to the Editor of the Scourge.	A plain case	42
An Englishman's diseases.....2	The 'Injured Creditor' guilty of trea- son	43
An old red coat.....3	A memorable consultation on royal affairs.....	44
An old blue coat.....4	MEN of TASTE	ib.
PROPHECIES respecting BUONA- PARTE.....5	Peele's Coffee House.....	45
The cause of our grievances.....ib.	A visit to Grafton-street	46
Buonaparte's deaths.....6	The antiquarian.....	47
The Russian war... ..7	Quackery in a picture gallery	48
A prophecy.....8	The bibliomanist.....	49
Another prophecy.....9	The OPERA HOUSE	50
Buonaparte killed again.....10	The Princess of Wales	ib.
An armistice concluded with the great beast.....	Master Didelot's over-exertion....	51
The ESTABLISHMENT of ORANGE LODGES in ENGLAND.....ib.	English merit trod down by foreign impudence	52
Horrors of a revolution.....12	MONEY SCRIVENERS.....	53
Oath of an Orangeman.....13	The subject introduced	54
Masonry disclaims the Orange party 14	The sink of infamy and ruin	55
The DISCOVERY of JUNIUS.....15	Mr. John King and George Thomas, Esq.	56
The mystery of Junius.....16	Memoirs of a foot-boy.....	57
Dr. and Sir Philip Francis.....17	Turns money lender	58
Junius in the War-office.....18	Depredatory arts	59
—— attacks Lord Barrington..19	Keeps a curricle and mistress	60
—— spares Lord Holland.....20	LETTER to the LORD MAYOR of LONDON.....	61
Arguments against the Discovery..21	More of the Don Cossack	ib.
Lord Minto's eulogium on Sir P. Francis	Represented at Tothill-fields.....	62
REMARKS on DUELLING ..2	LETTER to LORD ELLENBO- ROUGH.....	63
No safety in a duellist's company..24	The case of Mr. Joseph Nash	64
Custom no plea for duelling.....25	Act and intention the constituents of crime	65
True courage defined	Extenuation of murder.....	66
False courage produced by infidelity27	The REVIEWER. No. XXI.....	67
AUCTIONEERS	Mr. Nightingale's leaving Macclesfield explained	68
Mountebank auctioneers	GOLDEN MOITOS	69
Indolence the mother of invention 29	Lord Holland.....	ib.
The arts of the knights of the hammer 30	A lord—squat and jolly, fond of folly'	70
PROFITABLE RECREATION ..ib.	The Countess of D.....	71
Select works recommended	Karl Stanhope.....	72
MURDER and SUICIDE.....32	Earl Moira.....	73
Seltis and the Duke of Cumberland33	Virtue in a Marquis	74
Duke D'Albuquerque	MISTAKES RECTIFIED	75
His character.....	The subject continued	76
INSOLENCE of OFFICE	The author and his wife	77
Merit the true badge of honor....37	MISCELLANEA.....	78
LETTER to WM. ADAM, Esq...ib.	MONUMENTAL RECORDS....	82
Mrs. Clarke	THEATRES	85
A coun-ellor		
His patriotism not inflexible		
Royal sensibility		

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The majority of our valuable correspondents will find their favors enriching the present number.

The Taylor's remonstrance to a Prince is neither witty or pithy.

Justus will find some of his hints attended to.

The review of Lord Byron's Giaour in our next.

The burlesque of Mrs. Opie's "Father and Daughter," if possible.

Timothy Want Place's second Letter to W. Adam, Esq. shall certainly find a corner.

A RULER's remonstrance to Mr. Kenrick dated from the King's Bench has been received.

A FREEMASON will find his suggestion in part anticipated in our present number : but the subject will undergo a more ample review in our next.

We are grateful to a variety of poetical correspondents for their gratuitous favours, some of which are postponed for want of room, while others are inadmissible from their licentious tendency. We wish to advocate the cause of morality.

THE SCOURGE.

JULY 1, 1813.

To the Editor of the SCOURGE.

MR. EDITOR,

I HAVE been seriously troubled lately by alarming visions, which have disturbed my rest at night, and occasioned morning fever on my rise, which have given birth to symptoms of disease, and constitutional debility, threatening my existence. I am not sufficiently skilled in medicine, to prescribe for myself an antidote to their effects; and the state of my trade, my sole dependence, has not lately allowed me the means of more than common necessities, and hardly that, so that I have been wholly incapable of obtaining physical advice. Thus circumstanced, with the load of disease upon my shoulders, and my constitution broken down by obstructions in the circulation of my blood, my pulse wild and irregular, my complexion flushed with consuming fever, and my body bearing all the appearance of a confirmed dropsical habit, I have been recommended to lay my case before you, Sir, with the various symptoms, being told that your prescriptions, though caustical, are salutary, and that they bear about them an additional recommendation, that of being given gratis!

As my case is not an ordinary one in the class of diseases, as indeed neither the complaint or its symptoms are mentioned either in Buchan, or any compendium of infirmities, with their remedies, although it is one very generally felt, and I know no one of my neighbours exempt

from it, I deem it necessary to lay the whole matter before you; what would appear to be the causes, and some account of my former life, and my manner of living. It is only by being circumstantial and correct that I can possibly hope to be benefited by your advice.

I am an Englishman by birth, and about five and thirty years ago I should have boasted of the honor—but now you would smile at me, if I spoke in rapture of my country, now when I am broken down by infirmities—infirmities which the unwholesome constitutional climate of the isles have precipitated upon me. No, Sir, I must content myself with merely naming my country, which of late years has been so enveloped in the stagnated vapours of corruption, that its lustre has been dimmed, and its annals tarnished—but let me not be misunderstood, Sir, and be believed to imply any thing prejudicial to its elements or its construction; in these I still glory, and could I once more see the native atmosphere of our isles, no longer filmed by those unwholesome gangrene dews which have obscured it, I should still boast of being a Briton—still exult in that land which, with all its imperfections, I adore, and for the defence of which I would shed my best blood.—But to my disease, its origin, and its symptoms.

About thirty-five years ago I first discovered a sort of debility which, although feebly felt, excited alarm and some apprehension.

I was standing behind my counter as usual; my trade was not very brisk, but my speculations were not remarkably heavy, and although it is true I had entered into a dispute with my American neighbour, who had hit me a few hard blows, yet they by no means affected my stamina, although I could not help complaining. A lawsuit had been long pending between us, which had done some injury to my finances, indeed, had compelled me to borrow, and doubts went abroad as to my stability, and whether I should be able to meet my engagements—thus circumstanced I was standing behind my counter when I first felt the malady which has ever since affected me.

My American neighbour was no other than my apprentice, who insisted upon it that he was out of his time, that is free, and he said he would resist my authority, and he did resist my authority, and putting on in the scuffle an old *red coat*, which I had a very great veneration for, and which all my friends told me would last me through any service, it received a *violent rent*, which I took very much to heart, and finding that my quondam apprentice was a wild rogue, and could not be made tractable, I at length gave him his liberty after a long struggle, in which I gained neither honor nor advantage.

To be beaten by a boy was a circumstance not calculated to repress my irritability, and when I looked into my affairs, and found a heavy debt incurred, and found too that my trade was somewhat diminished, I experienced an accession of my malady, and a difficulty of breathing; the only consolation I had left me was, that through the mismanagement of my advisers, and those who conducted my suit with the American, my *red coat* was rent, and that there was no absolute fault in the materials of which it was composed. This was some relief to the virulence of my disease, which now promised to abate, and a few years elapsed without my experiencing any change for the worse.

It happened that a near neighbour, whose estate in the country was only separated from mine by a small navigable brook, had given some umbrage to his tenantry, and they determined to dispossess him of his inheritance. This circumstance excited a great deal of alarm among the members of my family, who declared that if the tenantry of my neighbour succeeded in their schemes of subversion, their example might excite mine to similar outrage; and that it was necessary to my own salvation that I assist my neighbour with all my might, although he was my enemy in the dispute between me and my American apprentice. Unhappily for me I listened to this advice, and got another severe rent in my *old red coat*. I needs must send over to my neighbour's assistance a *York lad*.

whom I had engaged at the head of my thrashers, and I lent him my coat as a sort of safeguard, but I soon found out that my coat possessed no advantages over men who were struggling to better their condition, and after experiencing a variety of vicissitudes I withdrew my thrashers from the estate of my neighbour who lost his property and his life, and I contented myself with manning a boat or two on the brook, and confining the rebels to the ground which they had usurped, and on which I had been discomfited.

Now, although my boats were very successful in picking up every thing that was seen or ventured upon the brook, yet they were not capable of stemming the torrent of adversities which were now alarmingly increasing with my malady—my affairs were left entirely in the hands of men who knew not how to manage them, and instead of settling one broil I found myself continually eked into another and another. I quarrelled with every body, and insisted upon the superiority of my pretensions, the vigor of my finances, and my vast acquisitions, although it was evident I had nearly lost my all, and that my shop was only kept open upon credit—my debts, which I never meant to pay, amounted to more than my estates would mortgage for, and my rent-roll was not nearly equal to the interest. My wasting malady had now all the appearance of confirmed consumption, and in my debility my old apprentice, who had been always cavilling at me, sent out his boats against mine, and to my eternal disgrace made several holes in my old fashioned blue coat, a coat which all the world had long trembled at. Alas, Sir, all these doings proceeded entirely from mismanagement at home; my blue coat in proper hands is equal to any thing. Added to all this, would you believe it, my till was continually being robbed by my confidential servants, and the employments upon my estates being sold to the highest bidders. I was the object of plunder and peculation, and those by whom I am surrounded have no interest but their own in the

state of my affairs.—Alas, Sir, can you wonder at the alarming state of my health, or the visions which are continually haunting me? I am nightly disturbed in my dreams, but no one of them has excited more astonishment than the one of last night, of which I send you a correct drawing, that you or some of your correspondents may be enabled to interpret, for I am by no means equal to understand it. A word or two of advice upon my particular case will equally oblige me, and I hope tend to facilitate my recovery, if I am not absolutely hopeless.

I am, Sir, yours, very obediently,

JOHN BULL.

PROPHECIES RESPECTING BUONAPARTE.

MR. EDITOR,

WHENEVER events have been adverse to our great and implacable enemy, Buonaparte, predictions of absolute ruin have not been wanting to feed the vain hope to which we have always clung, nor reports of his demise to console us under our affliction; it has been the invariable custom to consider him as the sole cause of the wretched state of our finances and our commerce, and while we have held him up as the execrable assassin, the sanguinary monster, and the pest of Europe, we ourselves have been deluded into the wish of his unfair death, and occasionally, upon a well fabricated tale, into exultation at his fall by the mean arm of a murderer.

I will not wait now, Sir, to inquire into the justice of the assertion that Buonaparte is the sole cause of all our national grievances, or whether he has cramped our commerce and exhausted our finances, though I cannot help observing, that if such is the case, we hold our greatness upon a precarious tenure, subject to the arbitrary will of a despotic continental sovereign, and possess little inherent in ourselves.

I will not stop to enquire whether this be the case or not, or whether the feelings propelled by hireling journals to the sanction of assassination, are honorable to the heads and hearts of Englishmen—the few who write for the many, are in the habit of directing the public wishes, and if they at the helm are corrupt, it is probable they will stimulate bad sentiments in their readers, and thus injure the morals of the people at large. Heaven forbid, that the characteristic of an Englishman should be lost, and that his generally noble nature should be degraded by the adoption of the manners and the acts of savages!

But to my subject—to pamper that appetite which it has created, the public journals, while they have been incessantly abusing Buonaparte with the grossest epithets have ever and anon killed him off as has been observed—since his return from Egypt I think I may compute the number of his deaths at about *fifty*—yes, I am certainly rather under the amount than over—about *twenty* large armies of at least *one hundred and fifty thousand men* each have been *annihilated*; the work of destruction has been unceasing against him and his formidable phalanxes which have been completely cut to pieces—well, about *thirty times* has he *finally* exhausted the resources of the country, and full *fifteen times* pillaged the *last kingdom* which had resources to command. His wretched and odious law of conscription has *twenty times* drained the land of its *youth*; and trade and commerce were carried on entirely by women. Nay, so oppressive was the conscription law, at least a *dozen* times, that *all* the men being drained out of the country to prosecute wars, the *rest* have absolutely rose up in rebellion, seized the person of Buonaparte, and hanged him up to a lamp-iron.

He has been shot at the head of his troops, sometimes by his own men, sometimes by a ball in the beginning of the action; sometimes assassinated in his tent; sometimes blown up by an infernal machine; sometimes shot at the opera; sometimes stabbed at parade; and once

suffocated by bolsters—he has several times led his armies far from their resources to irretrievable ruin, hundreds of whom have died in a few hours, and thousands perished with hunger; some have thrown down their arms, mutinied, and dispatched him, while others have gone over to the opposite party, and terminated his fortunes.

Oh, Sir, the complicated misfortunes this wretched man has endured, are truly astonishing, and miraculous how he could possibly have *survived* so many *deaths*; nay, this peculiar property he seems to make use of for his soldiers' benefit as well as his own, and we find them every now and then springing from the ground like the teeth of Cadmus, after having been cut most miserably to pieces.

This human devil, gifted with such resuscitating powers, we find at the commencement of the Russian war at the head of a powerful empire, which he had erected, standing with a threatening front and commanding nod, giving laws to neighbouring kingdoms, and enforcing them by the sword; his word was law, his law imperative. In this frightful posture, Russia, goaded to madness by his threats and coercive restraints, threw down the gauntlet, which was readily taken up, and a new campaign was opened. Again then was hope stimulated, predictions to be verified, his armies to be immolated at the shrine of his ambition, and he himself to undergo all the old train and catalogue of disasters and pitiable deaths.

These melancholy misfortunes, however, did not seem to press close upon him until after the conflagration at Moscow, and the commencement of the French retreat—then came out the *prediction* of the Bishop of Arles, a prediction delivered in the year 1610, which was now hourly coming to pass. Sir, I cannot resist the desire, with your permission, of laying this precious revelation, with its modern interpretation, before your readers. I have already mentioned the distant year of its birth; it

was extracted from a book deposited in the royal library at Paris, by Dr. Jones, late bishop of Kildare, in the year 1775, and has been in the possession of two respectable gentlemen of Dublin upwards of twenty years, one of whom received it of Dr. Jones. It runs thus:

“ The administrators of this kingdom, (France,) shall be so blinded with vice, that they will leave it without defenders. The hand of God shall extend itself over them, and over all the rich. There shall be two husbands, the one true and the other *adulterous*,* the legitimate husband shall be destroyed.† A division shall spring up in the house of God.‡ There shall be a great carnage, and as great an effusion of blood as in the times of the Gentiles. The universal church and the whole world shall deplore *the ruin and destruction of a most celebrated city, the capital* of a great nation.¶ The altars and temples shall be destroyed,§ the holy virgins outraged, and driven from their monasteries, the church pastors shall be driven from their seats, and the whole church shall be stripped of its temporal goods, || but at length the black eagle ** and the lion †† shall appear hovering over far countries. Misery to thee, O city of opulence, thou shalt at first rejoice, but thy end shall come misery to thee, O City of Philosophy, ‡‡ thou shalt be subjected, and captive kings §§ humbled to confusion shall be released, receive their crowns, and shall destroy the children of Brutus.”|| ||

This was the famous prophecy of the Bishop of Arles, which was to be completed by the Russian war! But there was another prophecy from Revelations, proving that Buonaparte is the great beast, whose coming was foretold in the book of the New Testament, and his horns and his crowns were counted and his days were numbered.

Interpretations.

* Buonaparte. † Louis XVI. ‡ The Constitutional Clergy of France. ¶ Moscow. § In France, Portugal, Spain, &c. || By the annexation of Rome to the French empire. ** Russia. †† England. ‡‡ Paris. §§ Spain and Portugal. || || Napoleon assumed the title of Brutus Buonaparte at the recapture of Toulon. See his dispatches at that period in the *Moniteur*.

“ And that no man might buy or sell, save he that had the mark, or the name of the beast, or the number of his name.” *Revelations, chap. xiii. v. 16, 17.*

“ Here is Wisdom, let him that hath understanding, count the number of the beast, for it is the number of a man, and his number is six hundred, three score, and six.” *Revelations, chap. xiii. v. 18.*

A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	K	L	M	N	O
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	20	30	40	50
P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	W	X	Y	Z			
60	70	80	90	100	110	120	130	140	150	160			

		Brought forward	217
N	40	B	2
A	1	U	110
P	60	O	50
O	50	N	40
L	20	A	
E	5	P	60
A	1	A	1
N	40	R	80
	—	T	100
Carried forward	217	E	5

Total 666

It must be observed that Buonaparte does not spell his name *Napolean*, but *Napoleon* ; however, those who have *detected* him declare that as soon as this great scourge of man found himself *discovered* as the *beast*, he spelt his name *Napoleon* to baffle enquiry and defeat the end of revelation.

I must confess I have not been able to discover the period of time when letters possessed this numerical value, but am fearful I shall incur considerable censure for scepticism, therefore shall abstain from any remark nullifying the predictions : well, Sir, with these prophecies upon his head, did he commence his retreat from Moscow in an inclement season, and on the first engagement did he receive *five* mortal wounds which put an end to his sufferings and his tyranny ! he only survived long enough to surrender his sword to General Prince Kutusoff—again however, exciting no surprise, we find him perishing in the Mosqua—again, at Smolensko he was lost in a fall of snow—then together with his whole army he perished by famine ; shortly after he was intercepted by a Russian squadron, and after being run through by *one thousand and nineteen* pikes, his head was cut off at a blow, and was carried as a *present* to Lord Cathcart at Petersburg !

Notwithstanding all these melancholy terminations of his life, he contrived to make his escape from the grand army in disguise, and eventually arrived at his good city of Paris, where his *faithful* people, exasperated at his conduct, hung him up like a dog to a lamp-iron ! As no miracle, however, was too great for him to accomplish, he survived the rope ; but then his power was crumbled—he was no longer capable of facing his enemies—his armies were annihilated—his resources exhausted—all was lost, and he was now to be hurled from the throne which he had impiously seized and which he sanguinarily sustained—oh, it was all over—the Russians and Prussians had joined their forces—the Crown Prince of Sweden had declared against him—the King of Sax-

ony was upon the waver; and the Emperor of Austria was about to fall upon him pell-mell—nay, the *Duke of Cumberland* was determined to have a cut and thrust at his jacket!!! Well, the season grew favourable to the commencement of a new campaign, and this great beast with his horns and crowns lopped off, *without* an army to take the field—marched forward to meet the myriad host who swarmed to devour him—well, he met them at Lutzen, they were beaten, and retired—at Bautzen again they were beaten, and again withdrew. Well, with a total disregard to revelation, pursued and closely followed in their retreat, the generous allies, the magnanimous Alexander and the heroic King of Prussia concluded an armistice with the great beast! whom they should have destroyed and thus defeated prediction and the hopes of Mr. Vansittart and my Lord Castlereagh.—Mr. Editor, are we travelling backward into ignorance and imbecility? are we retracing our steps to those early periods of superstition, when the eyes were blinded by prejudice, and the exertions enfeebled by idle rumor and misrepresentation? Shame on the country that flies to other than honorable and manly exertion against his foe, and the rulers who call up malignancy and passion to fight its battles in preference to zeal and courage!

SENEX.

THE ESTABLISHMENT OF ORANGE LODGES IN ENGLAND.

It would appear that every national constitution, like man, in his birth, brings with it its seeds of dissolution! that corruption, like gradual decay, twines itself round, and grows out of its roots! in short, that there is an end, woven, even in the beginning of every human institution. To illustrate this theory, let us refer to the origin,

rise and fall of empires: let us enquire into the recent changes and revolutions which have agitated the political world, altered dynasties, and which still threatens important and tremendous overthrows of power, and new institutions upon the crumbling remains of ancient succession: we shall have ample food for contemplation, awful warnings in the past, and reasonable may be the alarm excited for the future!

Is it not time then to open our eyes to conviction, to see into the corruption which is undermining our establishment, and with a virtuous vigor and an honorable zeal, apply the antidote that is to save us, and which can alone preserve our country from that barbarous state of anarchy attendant upon rebellion? What honest man but would deplore the cause and the necessity; who, but would lament in tears of blood, that, from the blindness of one party and the obstinacy of the other, the British constitution, pre-eminent for virtuous precepts, for wisdom, and philanthropy, should fall disgraced into the impious hands of renegadoes; be tortured to suit the purpose of church zealots, of dissolute and sanguinary revolutionists; and the idle and hungry swarm, that throng to the cry of liberty, and follow the mockeries of the subtle and the desperate.

In contemplating this awful picture, and in the fear that at no very distant period, though not in our times, it may be realized, shall we not be deemed good citizens in deprecating its arrival, and offering up our opinion on the probable means of prevention? Yes, the true patriot, wedded to his country and its laws, will appreciate our motives; and the good opinion of the sordid followers of avarice and corruption we seek not.

We have been led into this train of reflection and of despondence by the weak and ineffectual efforts of those who call themselves friends of the crown; by the shameful and unconstitutional attempt of establishing factional societies, and of obtaining illegal *conditional* influence by the bond and obligation of an oath administered in an ORANGE LODGE.

We have been alarmed at the report which we were unwilling to believe, but finding their adoption determined on all over the kingdom, we hasten to deprecate the measure. We shall be told probably that no bad consequences resulted from their establishment in Ireland; but we meet the question prepared to deny it; to assert that the Orange lodges in Ireland excited a sensation in that unhappy country which led to all the dangerous consequences which ensued, which would still burst out, but that the weight of England is upon her, and but that the storm is otherwise allayed by hopes of amelioration. The oath is treasonable, inasmuch as it imposes *conditional* allegiance; it is intolerant and factious towards Catholics, and is calculated to excite religious as well as political animosity.

We copy the following oath or obligation of an Orangeman, as printed in 1808, by a member of the Kilmore lodge, for the perusal of such as are not acquainted with the oaths, or the nature of the institution.

No. 237.—“ I, A. B. do solemnly and sincerely swear, of my own free will and accord, that I will, to the utmost of my power, support and defend the present King George the Third, his heirs and successors, **SO LONG AS HE OR THEY SHALL SUPPORT THE PROTESTANT ASCENDANCY, THE CONSTITUTION AND LAWS OF THESE KINGDOMS**, and that I will ever hold sacred the name of our glorious deliverer, William the Third, Prince of Orange: and I do further swear, that *I am not*, and *never was* a Roman Catholic or Papist, that I was not, am not, and never will be an United Irishman, and that I never took the oath of secrecy to that or any other treasonable society; and I do further swear, in the presence of Almighty God, that I will always conceal, and never will reveal any part or parts of what is now to be privately communicated to me until I shall be authorised so to do by the proper authorities of the Orange institution; that I will neither write it, indite it, stamp, stain, or engrave it, nor cause it to be so done, on paper, parchment, leaf, book, metal, stick, stone, or any thing so that it may be read, known, or understood; and I do further swear, that I have not, to my

knowledge or belief, been proposed and rejected in, or expelled from any other Orange lodge, and that I now become an Orangeman without fear, bribery, or corruption."——So help me God!

Such is the oath of an Orangeman as used in Ireland, from which the principles of the members and the objects of the society may be readily deduced.

Masonry disclaims the oath or tenets of an Orangeman: founded on the purest philanthropy, and united by the bonds of fraternity, it receives within its pale the follower of Mahomet, and the denier of Christ, without scruple or distrust; it knows no distinction of religion, no one to the exclusion of a *good man* from their meetings; it professes no creed but that of nature, and the first great cause, be he known as God, Christ, Jehovah, or Mahomet; it bows to the great Creator of all things, and all men are invited to the mysteries; it so completely separates itself from polemical or political discussions, that it threatens expulsion to those members who shall introduce such subjects—they meet for particular purposes, and those purposes wholly disjunct from religious distinction, or party politics. Whoever then shall attempt to introduce these controversies in the society, will lay the foundation for its disgrace and ruin, at the same time that they will impair the hinges of the government of the country, and stimulate factions which have now but a very imperfect existence.

In those alarming times of danger, under the administration of Mr. Pitt, when *secret* societies were objects of distrust, and the parliament provided against their continuance, masonry alone was exempt from suspicion, alone was countenanced by the act, and permitted to hold its convocations, and perform its ceremonies. Religion and politics are not subjects capable of producing and maintaining undivided opinion, when and where they are agitated, they will excite division and dissensions of the most serious cast; connect them with masonry they ruin the society, and injure the very cause they were placed in requisition to support.

S. S.

THE DISCOVERY OF JUNIUS.

MR. EDITOR,

AMONG the numerous attempts that have been made to ascertain the author of the Letters of Junius, I consider no one displaying more ingenuity, or in the absence of positive proof, better speculation, than is contained in the pamphlet recently published, entitled "A Discovery of the Author of the Letters of Junius, &c." But Sir, as these opinions are formed merely from an analogy of style in writing and circumstances by no means light yet very far from conclusive, I have thought that an enquiry into its pretension to discovery, might afford amusement to your readers, if it could not claim much better pretensions.

Any opinion now upon the letters themselves would come too late, the public have long decided, their excellence has been long admitted, they have been received into most of our seminaries as models of style, are quoted by our senators as examples of eloquent patriotism, and by our reviewers as the ne plus ultra of epistolary acumen—to withhold these encomiums, would be to draw upon me all the specific epithets characterising a fool, to be amply stultified with the cap and bells; on the contrary, to *grant* all their excellencies would be to draw down a contemptuous smile on the febrility of my remarks, on the poverty of my praise. But, Sir, with all this apprehension and much more, I am induced to make a few critical observations through the medium of your pages, provided if censure come, it may be made to fall upon my shoulders, and not upon your miscellany—let the plague drop its malignity where the pores have opened to inhale it, for there should be found its antidote. I am of opinion that the Letters of Junius would never have lived out of the columns in which they first appeared, but that they *narrated facts* privately known, and very privately, to the astonishment and con-

fusion of men in power; that they excited alarm, and thus instituted inquiry; that the impenetrable veil drawn over the author still further stimulated curiosity, and that admiration grew out of it—but that the *peculiar* beauties of the compositions were by no means the ground-work of their celebrity, that their own intrinsic merits would never have elevated them much above the political effusions of the day.

They are eloquent, nervous, and at times elegant; but I cannot consider them as models of composition, and I think I could quote several orators in our Commons House of Parliament, who at that time displayed full as much intellectual vigor, vivacious reasoning, sarcastic stricture and elegance, as is discoverable in any part of Junius, if not more so—strip them then of their great charm, the mystery of their birth, and we may fairly doubt their claims to longevity, or to the rhapsodies with which fashion or critical taste, directed by such circumstances, has bespattered them.

I have perused and reperused them; and although the events and times are no more which gave them origin, and which they live to illustrate, yet I have admired them, but my admiration has been qualified; and while I have dropped the volume to contemplate who could be the author, I have been led into the remark that they never would have bid a laurel bud upon his brow, had he been known, and that their operation, would cease, upon the public, the moment their mystery was at an end. Junius himself appears fully aware of the advantages to be derived by secrecy, in the following passage of a letter to Wilkes; “besides every personal consideration, if I were known *I could no longer be an useful servant to the public.* At present there is something oracular in the delivery of my opinions, I speak from a recess which no human curiosity can penetrate; and darkness, we are told, is one source of the sublime—the *mystery of Junius increases his importance.*”

Readily admitting great credit to the author for first-rate abilities, and their honest exercise in the public cause, I cannot go beyond this; I cannot cloath my praise in

the panoply of rapture, and must submit myself to the charge of scepticism in disbelieving they deserve it.

That deep recess then in which Junius has lain concealed, and to which *no human curiosity* could *penetrate*, has given birth to anxiety, to conjecture, and to numerous exploratory efforts. The lynx-eyed critic has variously directed his search and pointed his quill, but to no effect; the recess has evaded his scrutiny, and is probably now for ever closed in the marble monument. A period of *forty* years has elapsed since the pursuit began, and it is not unreasonable to conclude that the scent has long since been lost and the secret fled from every earthly repository. The "Discovery" points to Sir Philip and the late Dr. Francis, and by drawing together a variety of circumstances connected with those gentlemen and that period, and by a comparison with their writings and the Letters of Junius, shewing a coincidence of remarkable phraseology in both not to be discovered in other authors, it concludes without any scruple in affirming that Sir Philip and Dr. Francis were the *united* authors of the Letters of Junius. But this conclusion is too precipitate, it is not borne out by their remarks, by their comparison of dates, place, and the circumstances they narrate. With equal force may the letters be ascribed to the late Marquis of Lansdown, General Lee, &c. &c. The proofs I shall first of all take the liberty of considering abstractedly; and after, aware that their combination alone affords the conclusive weight, collectively.

Dr. Francis and his son, the present Sir Philip Francis, are stated to have resided either in London or its vicinity, during the years 1767 to 1773, and in situations favourable to the attainment of that information so remarkably possessed by Junius; their talents are then rated as fully equal to the composition, and Dr. Francis, it is asserted, died on the fifth of March, 1773, *ten months* after the publication of the *last* of those mysterious letters, and *two* months after the *last* private communica-

tion made to the printer, Mr. Woodfall, Sir Philip, then Mr. Philip Francis, who was appointed one of the commissioners for the government of India in 1773, did not leave England until the spring of 1774; connecting these events with the sudden and total disappearance of Junius, the author premises his first position to be thus made good.

His second, is, the appointment of the son at the age of seventeen to a situation in the War Office, by his PATRON Lord Barrington, who was made secretary at war in 1765; connected with the disclosure of those important secrets of that department by Junius, and which it is premised were *deposited* in the *confidence* of Mr. Francis; his final expulsion from the War Office in 1772, by Lord Barrington, and the termination with this event of the political lucubrations of that author.

Junius was distinguishable for a complete and thorough knowledge of the minor concerns of the army, as his letters to Lord Barrington and Sir W. Draper particularly prove: indeed one of those papers betrayed an appointment not then confirmed, afterwards abandoned; and Junius felt himself under the necessity of adverting to it in a future one, and stating that the minister had "meanly rescinded this detestable promotion." These are facts indisputably proving that the author of those letters had peculiar facilities of obtaining military news, even in its very source; but the whole of this second position is far from proving that Mr. Francis was the man. He was expelled from the War Office—expelled—for what?—was it from suspicion of his being connected with Junius? it does not appear so—nay, suspicion never glanced at him, and if it did, the mystery must have been dissolved, because the combination of circumstances, would, particularly at the time, have had a weight of evidence about it, which nothing but contradictory facts could have refuted, and sources of detection would have opened, which not even the caution of Junius could have successfully evaded.

The next ground of discovery is the attack upon Lord Barrington under the signature of *Veteran*, and the fear of Junius being identified with that newly assumed name: the fear emanating from the probability of the author of *Veteran* being easily discovered and thus Junius being detected. The apprehension was perfectly natural, and the inference that Veteran was a clerk in the War Office justifiable, while Mr. Francis might be glanced at with as much propriety: but these are fair militants against the surmise—let it be recollected Mr. Francis was the protégé of Lord Barrington, if not the child of his bounty, he was under great obligations to him; and how are we to reconcile those severe invectives upon the conduct of his patron, contained in the Letters of Junius, with the gratitude which Mr. Francis ought to have felt, and we presume did feel towards that man (Lord Barrington,) who introduced him to a lucrative situation in a public office, and thus paved the way to his future advancement and eminence? This species of ingratitude is not consonant with the high character given of Junius, or those eulogiums for virtue passed upon Mr. Francis.

The letters to Lord Barrington were introduced by the following note addressed to the publisher, and dated January 25th, 1772.

“ Having nothing better to do, I propose to entertain myself and the public with torturing that * * * * * Barrington. He has just appointed a French broker his deputy, for no other reason but his relation to Bradshaw. I hear from all quarters that it is looked upon as a most impudent insult to the army. Be careful not to have it known it come from me; such an insignificant creature is not worth the generous rage of JUNIUS.”

Let me ask, could these lines proceed from the pen of Mr. Francis? and if so, could *disappointment* justify them, or the cruel attack which followed? In March following, Mr. Francis was expelled from the War Office by Lord Barrington, and an easy inference would be drawn, that

he was suspected, but it does not appear so, and some other cause might have led to his expulsion ; for if he was really suspected, it is not probable the wild-goose chase of Garrick would have been resorted to, and other expedients equally as futile : it is highly probable spies would have been set over him and his conduct closely watched. Suspicion awakened, and close and unremitting pursuit connected with the fact of his being the author, must have ultimately led to discovery. But Mr. Francis most decidedly at that time was not the object of suspicion ! The next ground of detection is the fact of Junius *designedly sparing* Lord Holland, the great defaulter of the day, Dr. Francis, the father of Sir Philip, was *tutor to the son* of Lord Holland, and was in habits of greatest intimacy with the family ; he dedicated his Translation of Demosthenes to him, and was particularly attached to him both by gratitude and friendship. The honest rage of Junius was not vented against Lord Holland, and the author of 'the Discovery' considers this circumstance conclusive evidence in favor of his cause. But I am of opinion that it is an evidence against him—against him on the character of this gentleman, and of Junius, unless indeed that of the former was portrayed in the lines of Churchill ;

“ Grown old in villainy and dead to grace,
 Hell in his heart and Tyburn in his face ;
 Behold a parson at thy elbow stands
 Low’ring damnation, and with open hands
 Ripe to betray his Saviour for reward ;
 The atheist chaplain of an atheist lord—”

and the latter had no more patriotism than proceeded from spleen, whose malignity was corroded by disappointment, and who hated not the vices but the man. Let me identify Dr. Francis and his son Sir Philip with Junius—I must confess for the sake of human nature, without much satisfaction—and we shall find him in language of the most virulent abuse, wounding the hand

that had raised him, turning upon Lord *Barrington* HIS PATRON! with a serpent's bite insinuating his poison into his public and private character, and holding him as an object a for nation's scorn, because that patronage was not exclusively confined to himself, but other men were employed in departments about him, and some of whom he envied. We shall find him rushing forward in a strain of invective upon a CHATHAM! that glorious minister whom all men loved, whom all men admired; upon principle! and recanting his assertions when the character of that great man became more clearly developed; then again, Sir, we find him *asleep* upon the delinquency of Lord Holland, *wishing* that he may satisfactorily exculpate himself. These are, I believe, Sir, the whole grounds of circumstance brought forward to convince us of the author, or rather authors of Junius; and taking them abstractedly and collectively, I see nothing in them, although drawn together with a considerable degree of ingenuity and labor, to convince.

The whole combination of circumstances, are, that Dr. Francis and Sir Philip resided in or near London during the years from 1767 to 1772-3; that Sir Philip, through the interest of his father with Lord Barrington, obtained an appointment in the War Office, which afforded him the ample means of obtaining that information relative to the army, so conspicuous in Junius; that he was obliged to resign his situation in that office in the spring of 1772, when the public ceased to hear any more of Lord Barrington, and shortly after, of Junius altogether; that Dr. Francis died in the spring of 1773; and that his son, Sir Philip, shortly after, accepted an appointment in the East Indies; that the Doctor and the son were both upon terms of the greatest friendship with Lord Holland, whom Junius so remarkably spared, that this intimacy obtained for them every other necessary information to constitute the character of Junius.

This is the whole of the circumstantial evidence, and to what does it amount? From the opinion I have formed

of Sir Philip Francis, I cannot believe that above all men, he could be the calumniator of Lord Barrington, whose misconduct was but as a shadow to substantial darkness, compared with the hideous speculation of Lord Holland, and whom it appears he *could* not range against. Who can argue either virtue or patriotism in Junius by identifying him with Sir Philip Francis; and must not the latter sink in all good men's estimation by the same means?

Pope says "an ungrateful man has but one fault." If the "Discovery" has pointed out the real Junius, he has discovered the darkest assassin, the servant who was betraying the hand that fed him, who associated with a greater public delinquent, giving him his best wishes, and shielding his turpitude; who wrote not from principle but revenge, and to gratify a malignant spleen; it is a libel on Junius, it is a libel on Sir Philip Francis to identify them—an honest warmth characterized the pen of the former, and of the latter we have abundant proofs of more than ordinary virtue, united with the most solid and classical understanding.

The following character of him by Lord Minto, when Sir Gilbert Elliot, is honourable to both; and as it has been quoted by the author of "the Discovery" in aid of his question, allow me, Sir, to conclude these remarks, bringing it forward as a very strong support of my argument.

"In delivering my opinion of my honorable friend, I am not so madly vain as to think it can add any thing to his honors; it is to do myself honor that I say here what I have often said elsewhere, that of all the great and considerable men whom this country possesses, there is not one in the empire who has a claim so much beyond all question, who can show a title so thoroughly authenticated, as this gentleman, to the admiration, the thanks, the reward, the love of his country, and of the world. If I am asked for proof, I say the book of his life is open before you; it has been read, it has been examined in every line by the diligent inquisition, the searching eye of malice and envy. Has a single blot

been found? is there one page which has not been traced by virtue and wisdom—virtue, Sir, not of the cold and neutral quality which is contented to avoid reproach by shrinking from action, and is the best ally of vice—but virtue, fervent, full of ardor, of energy, of effect:—wisdom, Sir, not the mere flash of genius and of talents, though these are not wanting; but wisdom, informed, deliberate, and profound. I know, Sir, the warmth imputed to, nay, possessed by that character; it is a warmth which does but burnish all his other virtues. His heart is warm, his judgment is cool; and the latter of these virtues none will deny, except those who have not examined, or wish to disbelieve it.”

I have considered the question morally, and have denied that Sir Philip Francis is the author, or had any hand in Junius, in defence of that upright character which had merited the warm eulogium of Lord Minto.

The mere analogy of style I consider nothing in the scale, because men are all liable to the adoption of the manner of an author whom they most admire: thus Sir Philip might be the copyist of a Junius, or a Junius of Sir Philip, without detracting from the merits of either. The pamphlet is ingenious, and the result of much labor.

I am, Sir,

Yours, &c.

SENEX.

REMARKS ON DUELLING.

Be furious, envious, mad, or drunk,
Slave to a wife, or vassal to a punk;
A Swiss, a High Dutch, or a Low Dutch bear,
All that I ask is but a patient ear.

CREECH.

AMONG the various vices that have descended to us from our fore-fathers, no one has been attended with such fatal consequences, nor more shamefully infested

and stigmatized the times, than that of *duelling*. And yet, notwithstanding the wise and good have incessantly deplored the evil, no additional legislative restraint has ever been adopted to obviate its tendency, or prevent its recurrence.

It cannot but be matter of serious regret, that this practice should prevail in any country, and particularly in one professedly christian; or that any man, and that frequently upon slight and trivial occasions, should have the liberty to summon another into the field, to decide a controversy at the extreme hazard of life. The dread of being branded with cowardice, and a false notion of bravery, has no doubt urged many to commit those acts of "impious temerity." But however custom may have prevailed over reason, this triumph of fashion is not, thank heaven, as yet become law.

What pity it is, that men who may have merited the worst of epithets as well as punishments, by breaking down the fences of virtue, and ruining the peace of whole families, should be permitted the privilege of drawing their swords to chastise the relatives of their diabolical machinations, who may have the honesty to stigmatize them as *scoundrels*! Is it not sufficiently afflicting to find a daughter injured, or a sister insulted, without being compelled to add to the catalogue of domestic woes, by risking your life at the mercy of an unprincipled desperado? Even in common conversation no one can be considered safe when opposed to a duellist. A word or a look misunderstood, will frequently ruffle their tempers. The licensed freedoms of friendship,—the unconscious mistakes of ignorance,—or the unguarded sallies of passion, are alike liable to danger. Tremblingly alive to what is falsely termed *honour*, and striving "greatly to find quarrel in a straw," every deviation is considered as unpardonable, and must be punished with vindictive revenge, to humour their caprice, or gratify their spleen.

"There are many," says an essayist, "who entertain very mistaken notions of honour; and these are those who

establish any thing to themselves for that quality, which is contrary either to the laws of God or their country; who think it more honourable to revenge than to forgive an injury; and who make no scruple of telling a lie, but would put any man to death who accuses them of it. They place the whole idea of honour in a kind of *brutal courage*. Hence we have had those among us who have called themselves *men of honour*, that would have been a disgrace to a *gibbet*!"

To suffer private individuals to erect a tribunal of their own, and take the liberty of citing the appearance of whomever they please, argues an imbecility in the government that permits it. And yet the duellist does this with impunity. He sets at nought all laws, human and divine. He acts both the judge and executioner in his own cause. Defying the checks of authority, and spurning at every legal restraint, his sword is always ready to follow the impulse of passion, and commit the horrid crime of murder from principle!

A stony adversary, an inhuman wretch,
Incapable of pity, void and empty
From any dram of mercy.

SHAKESPEARE.

To palliate this diabolical practice, the hacknied plea of *custom*, that plague of wise men and idol of fools, is generally called in for its defence. But this is surely a puerile subterfuge. The existence of an evil is no warrant for its continuance. For if the position were admitted, there are no atrocities but might be tolerated by the same authority. The idea is highly ridiculous, and unreasonable in the extreme; and it has very forcibly been said, that "*custom without reason is no better than ancient error.*" As well might the debauchee attempt to give a virtuous colouring to his unmanly practices, or the drunkard plead an excuse for his excess of wine, because Lucretia was deflowered by Tarquin, and the Samian philosopher loved his bottle. These vices have alike prevailed

in all ages; but their antiquity or frequency can never be allowed an apology for their practice.*

Another class of abettors has endeavoured to gloss over duelling, by terming it the touchstone of *courage*. Fortunately for society, this palliative, like the former one, will not stand the test of examination. What! to kindle into a flame on slight occurrences, run the utmost risk of life, and take up weapons in defence of arrogance or debauchery,—are these proofs of courage? As well might the maniac who would ride down a precipice, or leap from the heights of Dover, deserve the appellation of hero. True courage, or fortitude, call it what you may, is a virtue of a far different and more valuable quality. It is enterprising and vigorous;—ameliorates the rude passions of the breast, and is never more animated than when engaged in defence of virtue, under the influence of justice and prudence. It seeks no adventitious aid,—needs no sanguine complexion—no vigour of youth—no heat from anger—no stimulus from pride. And this difference has never been more strikingly contrasted, or elegantly portrayed, than in the following beautiful lines:—

That *courage* which the vain for *valour* take,
Who blindly dangers seek for quarrel's sake,
Is *impudence*; and what they rashly do
Has no excuse, but that 'tis *madness* too:
But when confin'd it reaches *valour's* name,
Which seeks fair virtue, and is met by fame;
It weighs the cause ere it attempt the fact,
And bravely dares forbear, as well as act:
It would *reclaim*, much rather than *subdue*!

DAVENANT.

Could the duellist but for a moment seriously reflect on the fatal consequences that his rash impetuosity may

* The contemptuous reply of Augustus, when challenged by Marc Antony, after the battle of Actium, cannot be too often repeated to the advocates of duelling:—“If you are weary of life, there are other ways of dispatch besides fighting you; and for my part, I shall not trouble myself to be your executioner.”

occasion, it would, one should imagine, unless he is callous to every feeling that distinguishes man from the brute, deter him for ever from so vile a practice. The idea of sending a fellow creature from the busy scenes of life,—perhaps in the moments of intemperance, or from the walks of debauchery, “with all his imperfections on his head,” into the awful presence of that infinitely pure Being, before whom even seraphs veil their faces, makes the mind shudder with indescribable horror. But from the want of reflection arises all the mischief. Unaccustomed to the controul of reason, and spurning the precepts of revelation, the duellist seeks every opportunity of shewing his brutish ferocity. Very justly has it been said, that “there are men in the world who owe their courage to *infidelity*; others to ignorance; and some who fear nothing, because they *believe* nothing.” But an attentive consideration to the dignity of human nature would completely supersede this execrable principle. It would produce a contempt of the fashions and prejudices of the world; and make those, who are so anxious to conform with the customs of men, more solicitous not to offend the laws of God. In a word, the practice of duelling is of so immoral and destructive a nature, that it should be exploded by every government, and its abettors punished as the bane of civil society.

J. P.

June 8, 1813.

AUCTIONEERS.

MR. EDITOR,

AMONG the locusts that feed upon the unwary, I consider no class more seductive, dangerous, and successful, than those denominating themselves *auctioneers*, who open rooms for a time-serving occasion in the most public thoroughfares, and who alternately haunt every part of the

town, with their mockeries and impostures. Sir, they are a class coming immediately within the pale of your miscellany, and I could wish to see the whole nest burnt out by your infallible caustic. Have at them, Sir, with all your vigor, the public will applaud your efforts, and fairly appreciate the honourable motives which urged your reprobating lash—never spare them, for the disease is not to be cured by the language of moderation, and thousands of dupes, are at this moment, deploring their own folly, and the craft, by which they were seduced. It gave me great pleasure to hear of the petition to parliament of merchants and manufacturers against the increasing nuisance; but I fear their prayer cannot be granted to the extent of remedy, and that exposure of their artifices alone can protect the thoughtless from their bait—let this be done then in the most free and ample manner—institute a diligent search into their origin and their lives, commence an exposition of their arts, their low cunning and chicanery, and thus, Sir, perform the great purposes of the SCOURGE, that of exposing vice and imposture in its native deformity to those whose habitual indolence, febrility of intellect, or continued avocations, deprive them of discernment.

In the absence of better information on this subject, and more experienced and elaborate correspondents, allow me to throw down the gauntlet at this devouring tribe, these harpies of the rostrum; let me challenge them to a defence of their infamous practices, and see if one can be found among them of sufficient hardihood to offer up a plea for imposture. I will, Sir, in the first place point out to you and your readers what are the constituent qualifications of a knight of the hammer; you will find them an amalgamation of particles of fraud and cunning, bronzed with impudence like the bolus of a quack, or a gilt Galen's head—their ignorance is consummate as their other pretensions, and their oratory consisting of a few quaint vulgarisms learnt by rote like a parrots, a due proportion of *beseechings* and *a goings*, and vile clippings and coinings of language fills up the intermediate time between biddings and the

fall of the hammer, with harmony similar to that of a stunning dustman's bell, or the cracked knell of a country church—stentorian lungs and a throat of brass are absolute requisites. It is said, Sir, that poverty is the mother of invention—so is indolence the mother of imposture: hating wholesome exercise and honest labor, she broods her schemes of fraud in the hungry cells of subtlety and craft, and issues forth from her recess with a specious guise, effrontery, and art, spreading her spells over the multitude, and involving it in the labyrinth of deception—slothful in virtue, industrious only in vice, she labors to deceive and doats upon what the vulgar term “TRICKING.” Men, Sir, discharged from every honest and sober employment, because they have proved themselves undeserving of confidence, are reduced to the necessity of plundering either with or against the law—the coward prefers the former method, and thus several trades and professions are disgraced, no one more so than that of auctioneers, which offers such a ready medium to the impudent empyric, who can obtain a profession, and purchase the whole art and mystery, with the hammer, for one shilling! and is thus enabled to open a repository for goods illegally obtained, or with fraudulent views fabricated. I am aware I shall be told that every auctioneer is obliged to take out a licence, and enter into a bond and penalty with two securities—true, but the price of the bond is insignificant, and if Jew King could open a fictitious bank, and bail is to be bought in actions at law, why may not the two securities be obtained for a pound note?—that they are is beyond a question, and evidence of the fact may every day be gathered. Well then, having settled these preliminaries, they feel themselves prepared to prey upon the public and proceed to business. The goods they sell are chiefly manufactured for the occasion, with a good shewy outside and unsubstantial in—or else the plunderings of a sharper, or the property of the distressed; and here a system of iniquity is practised equalling in barbarity any thing which a civilized nation can coun-

tenance, or the laws can tolerate. An unhappy debtor to save the one half of his property takes the other to one of these wretched harpies, who consents to relieve his immediate distress, by a loan amounting to about one tenth of his deposit. The goods are sold, and bought by one of his creatures for little more than will pay the loan and the commission. The debtor finds too late his incautious folly, too late to remedy its baneful effect; ruin (before doubtful) now falls with accumulated force upon his head, and the doors of his home are closed against him by imperious creditors. Sir, the limits of this letter are too narrow to allow me to expatiate on the subject, with all that warmth which animates my pen in the cause. I have merely touched upon it for the present, but shall in a future number adduce one or two cases to substantiate my assertions; and I trust and hope that other correspondents will be found, who will amplify my hasty sketch, and point out a ready remedy to avert the miserable expedients of those artful impostors.

Yours, &c.

JUSTUS.

PROFITABLE RECREATION.

As every one is about leaving the noise and smoke of the metropolis, for the calm and serene pleasures of the country; and exchanging "the busy bustling days, and gay-spent festive nights," for moments of solitude or rational enjoyment, I take the liberty of pointing out, through your widely circulating work, a method of improving that portion of time which may otherwise hang heavily on hand. And as profit and pleasure should be the primary objects in all kinds of recreation, I have endeavoured, in the choice of what is proposed, so to suit the various subjects to the disposition and taste of the

parties, that the desirable purpose of advantageously filling up the empty spaces of life may be readily accomplished. I shall, therefore, *sans* ceremony, proceed to recommend the following

SELECT BOOKS FOR SELECT PERSONS :

The Delicate Investigation	. The Prince Regent.
Oronoko, or the Royal Slave	. The Duke of York.
Lawrence on horned Cattle	. Marquis of Hertford.
Rule a Wife and have a Wife	. Lord Eldon.
God's Revenge against Adultery	Countess of Yarmouth.
The Way to keep him	. . . Mrs. Fitzherbert.
Brown's Vulgar Errors	. . . Lord Ellenborough.
I says, says I!	. . . Lord Erskine.
A New Way to pay Old Debts	. Mr. Sheridan.
Defoe's History of the Devil	. Lady Douglas.
Centaurs not fabulous	. . . Marquis Townsend.
Volney's Ruins of Empires	. The Cabinet Ministers.
The School for Scandal	. . . Lady Jersey.
Popery always the same	. . . Mr. Canning.
Paradise Lost	. . . The Catholic Delegates.
The Book of Job	. . . Mr. Grattan.
Account of the Expedition to Walcheren	. . . Lord Castlereagh.
Taxation no Tyranny	. . . Chancellor of the Exchequer.
Raising the Wind	. . . The Members at Brookes's.
Laws of Landlord and Tenant	. Mr. Whitbread.
The True-born Englishman	. Sir Francis Burdett.
A Week's Preparation for the Lord's Supper	. . . The Corporation of London.
Baxter's Friendly Shove, &c.	. Alderman Curtis.
A Call to the Unconverted	. . . Jew King.
The Scourge for June	. . . The Magistrates of Bow-street.

Yours, &c.

Quoz.

MURDER AND SUICIDE.

MR. EDITOR.

THE late horrible murders of Mr. and Mrs. Bonar, and the subsequent attempt of Nicholson to effect suicide, have prompted me to commit to paper some ideas that have long preyed upon my mind, and which I have never yet heard mentioned in public society.—From the period of Williams's unparalleled murders in Ratcliffe Highway, some most atrocious acts have occurred to stain the annals of Britain; and as if there was a fashion among murderers as in the article of dress, every perpetrator of such a deed subsequent to the above epoch has either proved his own executioner, or used his utmost endeavour to effect such purpose.

Now upon reference to the cases which it is my intention to quote, it will become manifest, that there has been more or less a connection with foreigners in the transactions; and to commence even with Williams's annihilation of the Williamson family, it is a fact (though by no means generally understood) that the public-house of the latter was a celebrated resort for Spaniards and Portuguese, who were in the constant habit of frequenting that dwelling for the purposes of *gambling*.

The next shocking catastrophe I shall advert to, was the murders of the Duke and Duchess D'Antraigue, that occurred at Barnes-terrace, in which instance the perpetrator of the sanguinary deed put a period to his existence by discharging the contents of a loaded pistol through his head; upon this occasion no reason whatsoever was assigned for the commission of the act, and all that could be ascertained respecting the deceased nobleman amounted to this—that he was a very intriguing and artful foreigner; but with respect to his papers, or any thing further concerning him, the whole is involved in the chaos of obscurity; and all we have to say upon the subject is that the valet of the Duke D'Antraigue had a

natural taste for the commission of murder, and an equal desire to perpetrate suicide.

The attempt of Sellis on the person of the Duke of Cumberland, is equally veiled in impenetrable mystery;— he was a foreigner, and to all appearance had been kindly honoured with his Royal Highnesses's countenance; and what proved the result of such favour? Why that Sellis for no alledged reason whatsoever, attempted a crime of particular magnitude, as affecting the royal family, which had it succeeded could not possibly have proved beneficial to the perpetrator, and then, without leaving any document behind him in palliation of the enormity of the attempt, he almost instantaneously laid violent hands upon himself, by the commission of *felo de se*. Thus, as in the before mentioned case of the Duke D'Antraigue's valet, the natural enquiry is, what could possibly instigate the individual to attempt such a flagrant deed? and when all the satisfaction to be acquired on this head is, that no creature knows any thing at all about it.

In the recent instance of Mr. and Mrs. Bonar's murders, although no foreigner appears to have been connected with the act, nevertheless the deceased was a gentleman of very large fortune, and a Russia merchant, while the individual who committed the crime appears to have had no reason whatsoever to impel him to the action, save and except a sudden impulse of the mind; for, he confesses, that upon awakening from sleep he instantly determined to immolate his master, who does not appear to have ever given him cause of offence, and whose character for inherent benevolence and universal charity justly entitled him to the appellation of the Philanthropist. In the present case, as in the two foregoing instances every attempt at enquiry proves nugatory, and the crime, it should seem, was committed for no other purpose than as a stimulus for the perpetrator to end his career if possible by self-murder.

Having so far dwelt upon the commission of sanguinary deeds by men whose conduct appears totally

inexplicable, I shall lastly advert to the sudden demise of the Duke D'Albuquerque, than which nothing has more forcibly operated upon my mind. As I happen to be an early riser, (unlike Londoners in general,) it was my fate one morning to proceed down Bond-street from the Oxford-road end, in order to get into Piccadilly, when just as I came up to an hotel an hackney coach chanced to draw up to the door, a circumstance that rather surprised me, it being then scarcely six o'clock; but conceiving that it might perhaps have been sent for, in order to convey some inebriated man of fashion to his dwelling, curiosity prompted me to await the result, which soon became manifest, though in a manner very different to that which I had conjectured; for the hotel door being suddenly opened, three men issued forth conveying a very gentlemanly personage, whom they surrounded, and with as much promptitude as possible placed within the vehicle, upon which they all followed, and drawing up the glasses on either side, the coach drove off at a brisk pace in the direction of Oxford-street.

During the whole of that and the succeeding three days I could not obliterate the circumstance from my recollection, and was even much chagrined that I had not turned back and kept the vehicle in view in order to ascertain the place of its destination. While these ideas were revolving in my brain, I, upon the fourth morning subsequent to the having witnessed the transaction in Bond-street, chanced to cast my eye upon a newspaper, when the first paragraph that presented itself to my view, contained an account of the sudden death of the Duke D'Albuquerque who it was said met his end in a state of raving madness: this information, by the bye, was afterwards accompanied by a statement of what were termed that nobleman's last words during his frenzy, being expressive of regret that he was not adorned with whiskers equally bushy as those of Baron Geramb; an article of information, which if even correct, I conceive was extremely indecorous, as it could have been inserted

for no other purpose than to turn the duke's unexpected demise into ridicule.—But to proceed : I had no sooner read the account than a conviction flashed across my mind that the individual who had only four days previous been conducted from the hotel in Bond-street, could be no other than this Spanish nobleman, and my surmise was shortly after confirmed, for upon enquiry I ascertained the fact beyond all doubt, and in the prosecution of this research acquired a further knowledge of some *traits* in the duke's character, which deserve to be recorded.

The Duke D'Albuquerque was of the highest rank amongst the Spanish nobility, a very fine scholar and an experienced and able soldier, being also fond of literary pursuits and himself a very elegant and classic writer. It was to this grandee that the defence of Cadiz was committed when attacked by the French, nor was there ever more gallantry displayed than during the siege of that place:—with regard to the high estimation in which the duke was held by the Spanish people, it is only necessary to say, that he was deservedly honoured with the appellation of the great patriot of his country ; in short, he stood in a light as pre-eminently conspicuous with the population of Spain as Sir Francis Burdett has been regarded by the people of England. In addition to these facts the writer has been given to understand, that the Duke D'Albuquerque had been occupied for some time previous to his demise, upon a work intended for publication, which was to contain the history of every transaction upon the Peninsula subsequent to Bonaparte's invasion of the country, and it has been further stated that among other topics therein contained, be adverted to the proceedings of the Marquis Wellington, which he is not only said to have reprehended in many instances, but moreover called his Lordship's conduct to account in a very pointed manner. If such be the fact, as the manuscript it may be presumed is still in existence, the writer wishes to know what has become of it, and

why the country is debarred a participation in the narrative of events, that would be most particularly gratifying to the public, situated as England at present is, with the affairs of the continent?

Now the writer being given to understand that the Marquis Wellesley (Lord Wellington's brother) had the arrangement of the funeral of the Duke D'Albuquerque, which very speedily followed his demise, he was in all probability made the depository of his effects also; and therefore, should the present letter meet the eye of the noble marquis, he only solicits at his hands some explanation of the manner in which this manuscript of the duke is disposed of, and whether there is any probability of the same being given at any future period to the world, in the shape of a publication.

I am, Mr. Editor,

Your very obedient servant,

A SEARCHER AFTER TRUTH.

INSOLENCE OF OFFICE.

HAVING occasion the other day in company with a friend, to make enquiry at one of the government offices respecting the arrears due to a deceased individual, I was much hurt at the insolent reply which a very civil application received. The party to whom the request was made consisted of a groupe of young *sprigs of jessamy*, probably "picked from the chaff and ruin of the times," bedizened out in the first style of fashion; and who, though they perhaps owe their appointment to the influence of some kept mistress, think themselves licensed to support their unwarrantable behaviour to the very persons who daily contribute to their support. But surely this is not to be borne. Shall the aged parent of one who fought, and bled, and expired in the service of his country, be treated indecorously, because he wishes to make

enquiry for what he is legally entitled to? Shall these thoughtless puppies, because "dressed in a little brief authority," be tolerated in what I have been given to understand in their usual behaviour, and not receive the lash due to their egregious impudence? Forbid it, justice— forbid it, conviction. Such infamous conduct loudly calls for redress. It is a duty which those whose province it is to superintend these beardless boys owe to the public; and I trust the period is not far distant when we shall hear no more of such intolerant freaks of insolence. Circumstanced as I was, I could not refrain from exclaiming in the words of our great dramatic bard,—

O that estates, degrees, and offices,
Were not deriv'd corruptly ; and that clear honour
Were purchas'd by the *merit* of the wearer ;
How many then would cover, who stand bare !
How many be commanded, who command !

SHAKESPEARE.

Trusting that your opinion on the subject will be coincident with my own, and that you will give it extensive publicity by an early insertion in your publication, I subscribe myself

Yours, &c.

INDIGNATUS.

TO WILLIAM ADAM, Esq.

In reply to a Letter which appeared in the Statesman on the 11th of June. Signed "AN INJURED CREDITOR OF PRINCES."

DEAR SIR,

WITH a due reverence for those transcendent abilities, which have been so long and so liberally devoted to the services of the present sons of the illustrious house of Hanover ; with a *proper* esteem for that pliancy of mind,

that urbanity of sentiment, that meek acquiescence in every measure of our *gay* and gallant princes, and that prompt support of all their little peccadilloes which have so long *amused* the nation, conceive, Sir, my emotion, my surprize, my indignation, at perusing the letter under the above signature, and the shock which my feelings sustained, finding that even your immaculate character must be shot at by the shaft of slander, however capable of resisting its poisoned point. Is detraction, my dear Sir, so wedded to the press of the country, that the servant grown old and grey in the service of his masters, must at a period when his days are shortening, be subject to its malignity, and corroded by feverish insinuating spleen?—are the times so degenerate—are the black passions so aroused that the fretting diseases of an envious heart boast an empire in every breast—alas! it must be so when the poisoned quill is elevated at the *conscience* and the *honor* of William Adam, Esq.!!! Scarce yet recovered from the wounds which you received in the encounter with Mrs. Clarke, still laboring under some of their direful effects, who, but will grow warm possessing the feelings of a man, when he reads the attack made upon you in the Statesman. An attack to be sure not distinguished by much fervor, but no less malignant. My pen is on fire—my paper scorches with its angry heat—but I will grow cool again, a state of irritation is not the best adapted to refutation of calumny, or the exposition of false and lying sarcasm. If I may digress for a moment, it is for the purpose of declaring that I owe much of my equanimity of temper to your placid example; and that I purchased my “*suaviter in modo*” of you in a private apartment, at Mr. Greenwood’s, the army agent, on that occasion when you precipitately left the House of Commons on an astounding statement of Mrs. Clarke’s, on the York investigation, and at Greenwood’s found the fact *verified* by his Royal Highness, although it was then determined on all hands to give it public and complete *contradiction*!!! Yes, it was then I learnt to temperate my

ungovernable warmth—you, my dear Sir, must perfectly remember the occasion, if not, I may perhaps be induced to give you *verbatim* the whole of that conversation in a future favor. It may excite a smile on both our countenances, probably of a different complexion—but it will be highly amusing and instructive to the public—it will illustrate to the people at large, the *honor* of a prince, and the *scrupulous veracity* of a counsellor. Sir, I have long studied your character, and have found it compounded of traits admirably ductile, and calculated to the situation in which you have moved—your principles have never been contaminated by vulgar errors, or alloyed by scrupulosity. Like wax before the sun, they were susceptible of any form under the influence of the *golden* beam, and to be calculated according to the custom of all interest tables. If no one has ever charged you with the practice of any brilliant virtue, or the performance of any extraordinary good, no one could conscientiously accuse you of any heavy vice, or the execution of any malevolent wrong, or glaring misdemeanor. No, Sir, the sun of your days has glided along smooth and even in a jog trot course, yielding its colors to the various clouds it has met with in its progress, and upon your outward parchment nothing is legibly written singularly right or wrong.

If a murrain fall upon the spring fruits and choak their growth, *one* of the grubs residing in the blight cannot with justice be singled out as the pestilence and the cause of ruin. *One* grub in its mere feed cannot cause universal spoilation; and it would be uncharitable to say the worst of you, my dear friend, to single you out or make any thing more of you, than of *these* who have regaled themselves by repeated breakfasts out of the public granaries, and provided for the rest of their families, whom it would be unnatural in them to neglect. But I hasten to rescue you from the goring horns of the "Injured Creditor of Princes," who has assailed you in a most unwarrantable and unprovoked manner, for the mere circumstance of being a "Creditor of Princes," cannot be considered as matter

of *provocation*. He extols your talents as a lawyer, but in a strain so jesuitical that I am half inclined to believe it a sarcastic hit at your professional abilities; then he points at you as a senator, as an M. P. of forty years standing, and then insinuates, that although you never evinced any of the stern patriotism of a CATO, or the disinterestedness of a MARVEL, you contrived to retire from public life with a tolerable reputation! not much stained, and so faintly discoloured, that it was not offensive; but, my dear Sir, this "Injured Creditor of Princes" is in the dark as to the true cause of your retirement, and as to the nature of your talents. He knows not that at the period when you glided quietly from public observation that you had as many marks in your jacket for the pen of a satirist as any *brighter* ornament of the state; but they were smoothed over, were almost impervious to the sight, and not searched for at a time when more conspicuous flaws in the political drapery of our senators were claiming and receiving public scrutiny. William Adam was in many a good thing, which he snugly husbanded—but—but what? Deceived in the promises of those princes, whose private transactions he had so long negotiated, and Hope having hoisted her forlorn flag, he retired from public life with the satisfaction of knowing that he deserved better, at the hands of those, by whom in his age he was deserted, and in tolerable credit with the people, because he was another instance of the little reliance to be placed in the promises of the blood royal. The writer proceeds, and his malignity becomes manifest, although cloathed in such a dry and homely garb that it would escape any other than minute observation; he says, "Your speculative mind has fitted you for various and difficult employments—you have also acted in a capacity for several of the illustrious branches of the royal family, for which language has as yet supplied no other name than *factotum*. It is neither steward, nor agent, nor auditor, but includes them all with the singular addition that your clients are at once your patrons and your pupils." Why

what a shallow-brained mortal is this "Injured Creditor!" but soft, perhaps the injury was to intellects—is he to learn the road to preferment, the singularly pliant turnings and windings necessary to political progress, and the acquirement of place and pension? to have done you justice, my dear friend, he should have designated you as the political finger-post on which is traced the various stages to preferment, the distances, and the nature of the ground; to sum you up as the factotum, without assigning to you the *motives* and *advantages* is to detract from your merits, and rob you of the most estimable traits of your peculiar discernment—but now comes the rub—he adverts to the late debate in the Commons on the Civil List, and to the fund of 53,000*l.* per annum, still set apart for the purpose of liquidating his Royal Highness the Prince Regent's debts! and is remarkably happy in his recollections of those eloquent expressions of his Royal Highness's EXQUISITE SENSIBILITY! his HONORABLE OBLIGATIONS!! his GENEROUS SYMPATHY!!! for his creditors, and congratulates himself sarcastically on the prospect of a speedy liquidation of his claims, which he declares are both *honorable* and *legal*; but then again he digresses into ill temper, and talks of a *grand fete* which cost *fifty thousand pounds*! of the Commander in Chief, and large sums squandered on Mrs. Mary Anne Clarke! and here in apparent playful innocence, he aims another severe hit calculated to discompose you for a month. Good heavens, my dear friend, is recollection lost of those painful sleepless nights, that witch has formerly occasioned you, those heart throbbings, those ——— not resulting from improper wishes but *improper disclosures*! and are you again to be disturbed by references to past events?—Oh shame on this "INJURED CREDITOR." Shame on him, shall not a Regent give a fete at 50,000*l.* expense, and shall a mere dun question it?—may not the Commander in Chief lavish large sums upon Mrs. Mary Anne Clarke or any other ———? and shall a trading shop-worm dare to scrutinize its propriety?—Oh degenerate times, unhappy princes

unhappy courtiers, is it come to this wretched pass that ye shall not do your wanton thoughts bidding, without provoking the malice of a mere treacle grub, a miserable retailer of soap and mustard. The driveller then narrates an interview he had with you about ten years ago, respecting some claims on the Prince of Wales and the Dukes of York and Clarence, and gives and idle an uninteresting statement of what he calls *facts*, but which I am inclined to believe are falsehoods or misstatements; but, my dear Sir, admit them all truths, has he made out a case which the most shallow-pated lawyer retained by the crown would not decide against. He says, "not then aware that I was precluded by court etiquette from applying to the royal brothers themselves on any pecuniary subject, I first addressed each of them personally by letter, to which of course no answer was returned. Having at last discovered my error, I next applied to the secretaries of their Royal Highnesses—to Mr. Tyrwhitt, as secretary to the Prince of Wales—to General George Hotham, as secretary to the Duke of York—to W. Dalrymple, Esq. as secretary to the Duke of Clarence." He then says he got answers from the secretaries *all* referring to you who had the "*management* of their (his) Royal Highness's *affairs* of this description." And pray what does he mean by dashing *management* and *affairs*? I am inclined to think he means more than meets the eye; but my intimate and social knowledge of William Adam, Esq. sets at rest with me every *dirty* suspicion, and your notorious virtues must do so with the rest of the world—the viper may spit his venom, but it falls upon an uncongenial soil. Well then the whole matter was referred to you; and what did you do? why you told him, "you lamented that he should have been under the necessity of calling on you on so disagreeable and unfortunate a subject;" you said "it was impossible his demand could be complied with," and delivered as your opinion "that the foundation of his claim was not a good one, as the agent who had been employed by their Royal Highnesses had

not performed the contract he had entered into, and therefore he could not stand in a better situation than he (the agent) would, if personally present; that even if the claim was good, "THE PRINCES HAD NO MONEY AND COULD NOT PAY IT, IF THEY WERE SO INCLINED." Here then is the grand charge, and the source of his malignity, founded, on an opinion which you in your professional capacity delivered, and which militated against his claims on the Princes of our noble House of Hanover. An opinion conscientiously given according to law, for equity had nothing to do with it; and it is pretty clear the miscreant is restrained by Cold-Bath Fields terrors from being very abusive, and dealing out foul insinuations, which to be sure would fail in their effect because no one would put any faith in them, or credit his assertions or surmises. You delivered your opinion that the claim was bad, because the agent had not performed his part of the contract, and would this chandler-shop-man have the Prince Regent and his royal brothers *infract* the law which they are so specially bound to *preserve inviolate*?—Why are forms prescribed to bonds if they are not to be observed?—Why are agreements entered into with trifling minutiae, if those minutiae are not to be executed to the letter?

It appears to me that the culprit is guilty of little better than high treason in thought, when he hints at an infraction of the law in so high a quarter; and besides is the booby so little versed in the expences of a Regent, or the necessity of fetes, and the *difficulty* of giving them *without* payment? Money then must necessarily be scarce, and "he could not if he were so inclined" was a very proper answer. To be sure the weak sighted and the short headed might say that no reason could be *honorably* urged against the payment of a just debt, rendered *illegal* in consequence of a *trifling* informality but not *inequitable*; and those men whose judgments are made up from surfacial evidence, who are incapable of penetrating further than the outward appearance of things, when they

are told that the debt is illegal because the agent who raised the money did not perform his part of the contract—they might ask a simple question whether as in the case of a bill for which the acceptor had received no valuable consideration, a third holder was not entitled to recover. Then again they might ask where is the agent? Your reply is of course—dead! together with all who were concerned in raising the money—all dead! all guillotined at Paris for negotiating the securities of their Royal Highnesses the Prince of W—, and Dukes of Y—— and C——!!! Therefore his evidence cannot be brought forward to make either for or against the claim. “The Injured Creditor” then talks of LAW, of course he means Lord Ellenborough! On this subject I am mum! He talks of a *memorable consultation* held at the late Duke of Portland’s, and at which you presided, and *threatens* you with making it *public*.—Let him, my dear friend, let him—be not under the least alarm—you will find me at my post ready to receive him, and it shall go hard but his discomfiture shall be complete—he may make a clatter and get upon stilts, but it is a chance if he will not be made to rue his intemperance and gain a broken head in his fall.

Permit me to subscribe myself,

My dear friend,

Your truly obliged, obedient,

Apostacy Hall,
June 12th, 1813.

and subservient,

TIMOTHY WANT PLACE.

MEN OF TASTE.

SIR,

I am one of those unfortunate individuals, who after living till the meridian of life in the enjoyment of a small domestic circle, and of the pure and healthy pleasures of the country, are condemned to forsake their former habits and pursuits, and to mingle in the bustle and

business of the metropolis. Accustomed to the calm and undisturbed possession of my time, with a moderate income, a well stored cellar and a handsome library, you will easily conceive my distraction of mind, and embarrassment of manners, on finding myself in the public coffee room at Peele's, surrounded by attorneys, conscious of my own inability to conduct any kind of important business with spirit or correctness, and yet condemned to all the duties of administrator and executor to my late brother Sir Jeffery Blossom!

After many struggles however with my native indolence, and many contests with the harpies of the law, I completed the business to the satisfaction of the parties concerned, and prepared for my return into the country. Previous to my departure, however, an important part of my duty remained to be performed. By a codicil attached to his will, my brother had prescribed as a condition of its validity, that his executor should erect a mausoleum in the parish church, ornamented with his arms, and embellished by an inscription; the architecture to be designed and the inscription written by a *man of taste*.

Unacquainted as I was with the literary and professional luminaries of this great metropolis, this last condition puzzled me more than any other stipulation of the will. My own knowledge of men of taste was derived from the Spectator, and though Addison describes them as frequenting the taverns and coffee-houses in the neighbourhood of Temple Bar, I soon discovered that the visitors at Peele's were as much at a loss respecting them as myself. In this emergency I had recourse to that useful production of Bridge Street ingenuity, the Picture of London, and you may easily conjecture my surprize and gratification at the number of persons who are described in that true and faithful manual, as "possessing a correct and elegant taste, only equalled by the suavity of his manners and the condescending openness of his conversation." Certainly, thought I, these are the very persons

whom I am in search; sketch and the inscription are already done, and by to-morrow I shall be enabled to return into the country. I lost no time in taking advantage of the information I had obtained, and throwing myself into the chariot of my departed brother, proceeded with rapidity to the neighbourhood of Grafton Street.

I shall not trouble you, Mr. Editor, with minute details of the forms of introduction and departure at the various habitations of "*taste*," that it was my fortune to visit; but shall content myself with describing such prominent traits of manners and character, as may indicate the nature of those pretensions, on which the individual on whom I had occasion to call, founded their claims to the eulogies of Sir Richard Phillips.—In Grafton-street, I found the owner of the mansion Dr. G. enveloped in a cloud of smoke, before a large fire, from which proceeded an odour resembling that of burnt feathers. He was besmeared with soot, and attired in a leathern jerkin, that reached from his girdle to his feet. His breast and shoulders were naked, and his head nearly destitute of hair. I found that this gentleman being a great connoisseur in medical antiquity, had obtained at an enormous expence from the plains of Persepolis, a pound of the very asphaltum, used by Muscodorus, the physician of Queen Artemisia, to revive that celebrated model of conjugal affection from the torpor occasioned by the death of her husband. Dr. G. had employed himself during the whole of the morning in rubbing this precious unguent, first heated in a pipkin into his naked body and just before my arrival had attired himself in sudorific habiliments adapted to promote its effect. He assured me, that it communicated a stimulus to the whole frame, and recommended me to repeat the process, assuring me that it would brace my limbs, and sharpen my appetite. I told him that I had no occasion to assist nature in these respects; and finding that architecture and letters were equally foreign from this man of taste, bade him good morning, and proceeded to Hanover-square.

I found Mr. H. to be a natural philosopher, a dissector

of frogs, and a purveyor to about fifty rabbits, that gambolled about within a wicker enclosure, which exhaled an effluvia somewhat less odoriferous than otto of roses. He assured me, that he had passed his whole life in the most curious experiments, that he was now employed in examining the various degrees of vitality in different animals; that in the glass vessel before me was a codfish punched through the middle, a tortoise sawn half asunder and gasping for life, two eels swimming in aqua fortis, and a frog yet lingering under the shock of a voltaic battery: that he had forced two rabbits while red-hot pincers were applied to their tails into *actus coitus*; and was now preparing a series of experiments, by which it would be proved that the skin may be burnt from off the body of a cat, without injury to the vital powers of the animal.—He descanted with much enthusiasm on the discoveries of Spallanzani, and informed me that should a licence trade take place between the viceroy of Italy and the Sicilian shores, he would in all probability receive a precious relic of that divine naturalist; two nightingales attached to each other by an artificial seam along the windpipe, which so far from debilitating the powers of life, gave added force and melody to their duets!

I left this mutilator of frogs and connoisseur in torments, and proceeded to the Tower. Here I was ushered into the presence of a precise and pompous gentleman, surveying with apparent self-complacency the folio plates of a history of Gloucestershire. I found him perfectly conversant with all the minutiae of topographical details, and a perfect master of all such reading as was never read. Tythes, glebelands, incumbencies, genealogies, armorial bearings, tradesmens' tokens, rusty keys, mutilated cross-bones, and all the frivolities of local or unmeaning antiquity constituted the theme of his discourse. He had just completed a history of an undecyphered inscription in two volumes folio, of which he politely requested my friendly correction, an offer which, with affected reluctance, I declined. As a token of his respect, he

presented me with a copper coin of Richard the Second, a button from the hood of Queen Elizabeth, a dissertation on an ancient wall, read before the Antiquarian society, and the identical stone that was thrown by Sampson from a hill in Scotland to a plain in Gloucestershire. I thanked him for his presents, and communicated to him the object of my visit. He informed me, that he was astonished I should have so far mistaken his character, as to suppose him capable of assisting me. He never inter-meddled, God be praised! with *modern* art; *his* devotions were paid to objects rendered sacred by antiquity; he left the pursuit of contemporary objects to a D. and an F. and they might possibly fulfil my wishes.

To Mr. F. therefore I repaired, and found him in a gallery surrounded by pictures, statues, and medallions. He received me with an embrace, and presenting me with a catalogue, began with unequalled volubility to eulogize his own talents, virtues, and attainments. He boasted of the peculiar favor of the Prince Regent, dwelt with vehemence on the honors and rewards of professional exertion received from the sovereigns of France and Germany, and concluded by demanding which of the pictures around me I was disposed to purchase. I informed him, that neither my fortune nor my taste permitted me to devote much of my attention to the arts; at this assurance he cast up his eyes to heaven, and expressed his astonishment in language more remarkable for volubility than politeness. After his indignation had in some degree subsided, he proceeded to descant on the beauties of the ancient paintings; on the glow of Rubens, the grace of Raphael, the boldness of Michael Angelo, and the *Corregiority* of Corregio, in a flow of language that I was glad to interrupt, by abruptly departing; but not before I had observed that his busts were chiefly copies, that his paintings were all defective or unfinished, that in the appearance of his gallery, and in his own person there was an air of disgusting and obtrusive quackery.

My last three visits were to Mr. D. Mr. L. and Sir W.

B.; the first I discovered to be a mere dealer in the mouldering rubbish of Roman and English literature. The furniture of his library was not selected for its goodness, but its age. The productions of our old typographers, executed in the infancy of printing, and therefore unsightly and imperfect, he preferred to the finest models of Baskerville and Ballantyne. A correct and elegant Virgil was beneath his notice, but on an inaccurate and mutilated copy, so worthless that accident alone had preserved it through many generations from the trunk-maker, or the devotions of Cloacina, he dwelt with ecstasy. He had already expended considerable sums in the collection of black letter; and was now about to sink the remainder of his fortune on a single copy of an *editio princeps*. The second of these gentlemen, by dint of incessant scribbling, had become the most popular writer of the age. He had produced within the short space of three years, four quartos and thirty octavos; but I soon discovered that he was possessed of too exalted an idea of his own abilities to descend to the vulgar occupations of meditation and correction. He expressed his ideas as they entered his mind without regard to selection or arrangement, and long habits of self-indulgence had produced an insurmountable impatience of literary labour. Such a man might deserve and obtain the momentary favour of the public, but of that true and genuine taste which is the offspring of deep reflection and arduous study, he was more destitute than many an obscure plodder in the paths of literature. Sir W. B. was in reality a man of taste in the line of gallantry; no man was a more worthy disciple of Epicurus in all that related to licentiousness and intrigue; he was a perfect adept in the mysteries of debauchery, and could distinguish with unerring acuteness the various shades of real and affected modesty on the countenance of a female. His cast-off mistresses were the objects of general competition among the rakes of fashion, and no one had more frequently contributed to replenish the repositories of King's-place and Suffolk-street.

After the unremitted enquiry of a day, therefore, I discovered that of the individuals whom I had been taught to regard as men of taste; one was a torturer of living animals, under the plea of physical experiment; another an amateur of rusty coins and tradesman's tokens; a third the shameless trafficker in pictures, bought at a trivial price from necessitous genius; a fourth dependant for his reputation as a man of taste on his collection of old and mutilated editions; a fifth, enjoying a handsome income from his speculations as a manufacturer of saleable verse; and a sixth distinguished for an accurate acquaintance with all the debaucheries of life. I returned to my hotel, determined no longer to trust to the assertions of *Sir Richard Phillips*!! but to solicit the guidance of the *Scourge*. Q. Q. 3

THE OPERA HOUSE.

IN opposition to the opinions of that prostitute print, the Morning Herald, it is with infinite delight the public is enabled to behold the form of injured innocence in the person of her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, who has within the last month presented herself at the Opera House, &c. &c. It is guilt alone that courts the shade of seclusion; innocence, on the contrary, ever light at heart, enjoys the beams of day, nor shuns abashed the gaze of publicity. I have thought fit to preface this paper with the foregoing lines, being a constant frequenter of the Opera House, and having personally witnessed the entrance of her Royal Highness when she honoured that theatre; upon which occasion, in direct opposition to the base and invidious statement inserted in the above morning print, I can take upon myself to affirm, that never was a burst of applause more enthusiastic or prolonged; in short, there seemed to be a rivalry with every

auditor, whether male or female, in testifying heart-felt delight on thus beholding in the person of this most persecuted princess the glorious triumph of everlasting truth.

From the foregoing paragraph it is evident that I am an admirer of operatic entertainments, yet at the same time I must beg leave to premise, that I am no means an advocate for that overbearing insolence which is the prominent characteristic of many foreigners comprising the *dramatis personæ* of this theatre. I have long been an eye-witness of the chicanery and petty arts resorted to by various personages who tread these boards; nor would the public give credence to one-fourth of the underhanded tricks that are practised in order to depreciate as much as possible any germ of merit in our own countrymen; in fine, these foreigners conceive that every thing connected with the theatre in question must be subservient to their controul, nor will they for a moment admit of any interference on the part of an Englishman.

It is a fact which cannot be denied that pleasure may be purchased at too exorbitant a price, and such has been the case with the writer of the present article, who, as a friend to his country, can no longer witness in silence the overweening conceit of these servants of the public.

On the 8th of last June, among other novelties advertised to attract public notice was the *Minuet de la Cour* to be performed by Mr. Didelot, jun.; but upon entering the house a printed paper was distributed, wherein after stating Signior Tramezzani's indisposition, the audience was informed that "*Master Didelot in consequence of over exertion during the last performance could not have the honour of appearing in the ballet.*" Now really from the wording of this said bill, one would naturally be led to infer that the person so apologizing was a phenomenon, and that the public by not witnessing his feats, would be debarred from seeing a most novel and extatic performance, in lieu of which, who is the mighty personage alluded to? Why Master Didelot, aged from twelve to thirteen years, who

though a very pretty dancer, has not yet any thing absolutely magnetic in his powers, and as for the mighty loss of entertainment incurred by the audience upon the occasion, like the mountain that brought forth a mouse, it proved nothing, more or less, than the old, old, very old *Minuet de la cour*. Notwithstanding this, the public was afterwards informed in a morning print, that Mr. Vestris did upon this momentuous occasion, exert his abilities beyond all conception, in order to make up for the heart-rending deficiency which the audience would thus sustain. Now, for my own part, I felt no disappointment whatsoever; and were I to add that the major part of the persons present chimed in with the same opinion, I do most conscientiously believe, that I should not outstretch the pale of truth: the real fact is, that the boy happens to claim Mr. Didelot for father, who is no other than ballet-master of the theatre, while Vestris uniformly exerts his powers of dancing with Madame Didelot: let me now propose one question to the papa of this youth; why, as manager of the dance, was the deserving Miss Smith altogether discarded from the ballet? Why I will save Mr. Didelet the trouble of replication, by stating two very cogent reasons; first the lady in question is an *English woman*; and lastly, it was necessary to make room for *Madam Martin*, who is the daughter of a *Frenchman*. These are the wheels within wheels that are constantly put in motion to depreciate native talent, and rear upon its downfall a foreign structure. In thus having expressed myself, I am very far from wishing it should be inferred, that I feel jaundiced on beholding merit that is not of British growth; than which supposition, nothing can possibly be more the reverse of truth; all I require is to find common justice attended to, which is a plant I much fear will never vegetate at the Opera-house.

The benefit of Mr. Vestris was well supported, and I experienced as usual infinite pleasure on witnessing his exertions conjoined with Madame Didelot's in a *pas de deux*; notwithstanding which I must candidly own that

Mr. Noble with Misses Smith and Lupino in the execution of a charming *pas de trois* arranged by Mr. D'Egville, gave me an equal portion of delight, indeed there is an aerial lightness in the performance of the latter mentioned gentleman, which I never saw surpassed, and if I am not very much mistaken airiness constitutes the leading beauty and excellence in this species of amusement. I shall now terminate my animadversions, with stating that I am desirous of seeing Messrs. Noble and Byrne, and the Misses Smith and Lupino, &c. less kept in the back ground. As natives of England they deserve our support, and being in possession of talents have an undoubted right to claim it; nor can I close this paper without stating that I shall keep a wary look out, and if necessary bring to light some hidden secrets of the *foreign prison-house*, which will prove very far from pleasing to the personages who have so rendered themselves despicably conspicuous.

A MAN OF FASHION, *but not of the New School.*

MONEY SCRIVENERS.

SOCIETY, however organized, cannot fail in being infested with creatures that feed upon it, which seem to draw a simultaneous life with it, and are, as it should appear, in part its natural and necessary constituents. Animal nature preys upon itself, is fed and propagated by its ravenous appetite; but the various species of which it is composed, sparing its tribe, seek another class to devour. Man alone, in his general, or rather widely-spread characteristic, comprehends in himself all the laws of nature and of species; he alone, gifted with superior reason, endowed with faculties raising him above the rest of the creation, classes his fellows in various tribes, assuming distinct branches from the original stock, and by organization contributing to the laws and order of the whole.

Thus in man may be discovered all the contrast of animal nature—the lamb, the wolf, the hyæna, the ferocious tyger, and the noble-natured lion, and they prey upon each other as in uncultivated forests, and with sanguinary barbarity ; even erudition seems to lend its aid towards this state of things, as though nature was not to be diverted from her course, but must pervade the streams of science and civilization ; trampling upon restraint, she fastens on the heart and mind ; invigorated by obstruction, and gaining power as the world advances in knowledge ; she assumes new forms, insinuates herself in new shapes into the mental system, and more subtly preys upon and becomes the prey.

If by this sort of argument the *acts* of man can be traced to nature, why then we must sympathize in some degree with human infirmity, the strong voice of reprobation must yield to the softer tones of sorrow and commiseration ; he who cannot subdue the stronger passions of the soul is a weak man, and to be pitied ; but there are *vices* which have sprung up in the world, that have been begat by, and are fed upon civilization ; malignant passions, that have been generated in bad men, by speculative causes, owing no origin in nature : these, which are of the most malignant and subtle kind, the growth of which is encouraged by the unprincipled, and nurtured by betrayed inexperience—these are of a character so odious, so dangerous, and so founded in art and cunning, that the severest terms of language are insufficient to portray their enormity, or decrease their fecundity.

The first among them may be ranked that deplorable vice which holds up its serpent head beneath the crafty garb of a money-lender, or money-scrivener, and which speciously invites our incautious youth to ruin ! To analyze the subject, to enquire into its fatal effects upon society, would be to enumerate most of the evils under which it labors, to draw into one focus the miseries of almost all families, and to give a history of most of those enormities which characterize our times.

The money-lender is the promoter of every species of vice, and the parent cause of suicide; from his haunts spring the assassin, the house-breaker, the highway robber, and every other pest and nuisance of society. Prostitution is fed from his loathsome hand, the brothel steams exhale from his pandarizing source—men of rank and fortune drop from their high station into the purlieus of a prison by their mischievous cunning, and noble heirs, lured by their craft, and the ready means of indulging in libertinism which they offer, squander their fortunes ere they have attained them, and ruin their constitutions ere they have been confirmed or escaped the infirmities of growth.

Peculation in exalted trusts may be traced to their doors, either to the gratification of sordid avarice, or to the liquidation of those large bonds and mortgages which the unrestrained vices of youth thus pandarized has forged upon their estates—the vice is known, but the extent of its malignity cannot be ascertained, or by what secret, subtle channels, it communicates its wretched effects to the world at large; few families of note and property but have felt its shock, few but have deplored its existence, and the tolerating laws which suffers it to undermine the constitution of the country, as well as the peace and happiness of the community.

The temptation is alluring, as the bright colours of the serpent which conceals the most fatal poison; its promises cover its fraudulency as the mask of youth and beauty veils the deadly poison lurking in the harlot's kiss—trade withers beneath its pestilence—manufacture stagnates by its influence—the wealth of India flows into its lap—and the plagues of Pandora from its sordid bosom. The public journals, to their eternal disgrace, among their advertisements, usher its damning bait to the eye of the credulous, and in their column of accidents and offences, further announce some of its miserable effects.

We formerly, in the memoirs of Mr. John King,

scotched the snake but did not "kill it;" we unfolded some of the subtle expedients of the money-lending tribe, unveiled the artful cunning of their scheming system, and did society some service by detecting and exposing their iniquity: bold in the cause and the performance of that duty to which we stood pledged, single-handed we faced the hydra, and gave out a public antidote to its impostures.

Mr. John King remembers us, his back still recoils from our lash, his venom still corrodes under our caustic, and as we have discovered new haunts, it shall go hard but his notoriety shall be increased; *we* will advertise his new money-lending offices, with their new *firms*. Yes, we will give him and his speculations every *publicity*! but at present our business is with another gentleman, for whom we have the highest respect, not mentioning the *worthy* George Thomas, Esq. of No. 5, Hanover-street, Hanover-square, and Heathfield-Lodge, Acton, in the county of Middlesex; for as we have the highest regard for that gentleman's exquisite sensibility, and the thrilling state of his nerves, we shall briefly suggest to him a few particulars of a man whose character ought to be thoroughly and perfectly known to the public, and *particularly* pointed out to George Thomas, Esq. himself!

It has been said, but we hope with more acrimony than truth, that a splendid fortune was never obtained by thoroughly honest means. We can by no means assent to this position—merchants and manufacturers, in their honourable pursuits, are capable by industry of realizing the most noble incomes, founded upon a fair profit and extensive business, but this is a work of time. When an obscure individual, however, suddenly emerges from his solitary haunts, and without the aid of an honourable employment, or a visible source of acquirement, betrays the possession of considerable property, it must not be wondered at if enquiry is set afloat, or extraordinary curiosity excited, to ascertain the means of sudden affluence.

Honest men, long labourers in the vineyard, who have

reaped but little by the sweat of their brow, must be allowed to shake their heads in token of suspicion, and the harpy who has fattened on successful wiles, to give his significant wink as having divined the means!

If a money scrivener or money lender, from the menial situation of a foot-boy throws off his livery, and in the progress of a few years displays the abundance of a former master, sports a chariot, a town and country establishment, gives entertainments, and crowns a luxurious sideboard with a splendid service of plate: who that recollects the time when he carried a prayer-book to church on the Sunday, or that saw him brushing his master's coat, rubbing his knives, or letting down the step of a carriage, who but will wonder at the metamorphose, and enquire into the witchery?

Did he marry well?—No.

Did any relation leave him a fortune?—No.

Did he obtain a prize in the lottery?—No.

Is he, or has he been concerned in any mercantile pursuit of a speculative and successful nature?—No.

Has he made any extraordinary discovery? Is he the inventor of any useful and lucrative patent? Is he a man of industry and genius, and have they been successfully employed in an honourable pursuit?—No! no!! no!!!

What then has he been, what is he, and whence that extraordinary source of his present affluence?

He has been, and continues to be a MONEY LENDER! it is the means by which he lives, and has been the means of acquiring all he possesses!

Such must be the natural questions and answers resulting from extraordinary elevation attained by such expedients; and he who has made it his stepping-ladder, must be content to bear with the worst of suspicions—content! these men smile at suspicion; they deride the brand of infamy, with the heart of a dæmon in a bosom of brass, they are neither moved by pity, or suffused by shame; they know no compunction for any enormity they have committed; they can see the blood of the sui-

cide, whom they have ruined, streaming at their feet, and can pass on undisturbed by their own conscience, or unshaken by their victim's fate; their sense, imbruted by ignorance, sharpened alone by a thirst of gain, is dead to sympathy or remorse; locusts upon the laws that feed on its imperfections, they are more dangerous and destructive than the most abandoned felon that ever braved and invaded the bonds of civilization.

The man whose portrait I am about to sketch has been eminently successful in all the chicanery of his profession, and has played his part upon the dissolute and inexperienced; for many years he has glutted himself with their property, and supports an establishment upon a par with George Thomas, Esq.!

Originally a footman in the employ of Mr. Coke, of Holkham, delighted with the gaiety of London at those times when his master paid his metropolitan visits, shrewdly observant, and by means of association with the minor sharks upon society, discovering a source of acquiring property, and attaining a situation somewhat superior to the dull drudgery of a livery; he determined, on quitting his provincial servitude, and the badge of his master, and entering, with a *plain* coat, upon a more enlarged and *liberal* sphere!

He entered London with cunning sharpened by poverty, a heart not to be diverted from its purpose, a countenance not to be outbrazened, and with principles founded upon no better rules than have outlawed men from their country, or have terminated their existence upon the scaffold—he commenced his career in rather a humble station, but upon a successful foundation. In the employ of — he was easily initiated into the mysteries of his profession, and soon discovering that the possession of *money* was not an absolute requisite to commence the trade of a *money lender*, he branched out in business for himself, opened a discount office, and soon acquired capital sufficient to extend his views, and offer his services to the prodigal spendthrift.

To those who are unacquainted with the art it may be necessary or interesting to give the following brief particulars: The needy man, who applies for a temporary loan, of course brings his security, and leaves it for the purpose of enquiry; if it is good, the money lender in the interim of his call again, sends it to some tradesman ready and willing to sell his goods upon a round profit, and to give the difference of the bill—the terms are then negotiated as between them, and when the needy applicant again calls, he is told that his security is somewhat doubtful—that it can be done, but not upon such low terms as perhaps might be desirable—it is only to be done by taking *one third* of the amount of the bill in jewellery, which, to be sure, can be no incumbrance, because the articles *are charged* exceeding *low*, and may be immediately converted into money—then his fee for negotiating is ten pounds in the hundred, together with the regular interest on the time it has to run—the unfortunate man is generally obliged to comply, and this is what is called an open and a fair transaction!

There is another system of dealing which the honourable society of money lenders *themselves* admit to be of rather a *doubtful class*. It is . . .

The money lender contrives to have two or three persons waiting at his office for the presumed purpose of transacting business, and of negotiating securities, but in fact loitering to decoy. On the appearance of a customer, and on inquiry for the principal he is told that he is engaged, and begged to wait a little—the clerk then disappears, and one of the decoys immediately introduces himself to the needy applicant—he begins by talking of the weather, &c. then drops a few cautionary hints respecting the person at whose office they are waiting, and concludes by delicately hinting his inclination to immediately discount a good bill without extortion, or giving any trouble to the party—the other of course embraces with many thanks so handsome a proposal, and before

the return of the clerk they walk away to complete the transaction.

On arriving at some convenient street, containing a coffee-house with a *back door*, the gentleman is requested to sit down for a few minutes while he goes *up* to his bureau to fetch the money! he consents, and the other slips out the back way with the *bill* or the security with which he never re-appears—the bill finding its way into the *hands* of holders who gave a bona-fide valuable *consideration for it!!!* and which is presented in due course for payment.

The man who is thus disappointed and deceived, now applies to the money lender, where he learns, to his discomfiture, that the fellow who obtained his bill is a common swindler, and probably before that time has left the country. Nay, he is upbraided for his credulity, and dismissed with a rebuke, probably to witness that ruin which he had made the preceding effort to avert.

It is needless to remark these villainous associates share the produce of the bill between them.

Having travelled through all the minor departments of money lending with considerable advantage, our footboy now assumed a higher sphere still, and having learnt a little of the affected manners of a gentleman, his association became somewhat better. He now granted money upon annuities or mortgages, fee'd the necessitous, pampered profligacy, and became the patron of the vices of the town—he was to be seen at the gaming-table ready to grant a loan upon the security of freehold property, and nay, so extensive grew his nefarious dealings, that prince, peer, and commoner applied to him, as the ready medium of temporary relief, and of permanent ruin!

He married, but apeing the vices of his superiors, he kept a mistress! he started a curricie, he keeps a town house and a country villa, he keeps a retinue of servants, and the livery he once wore is forgotten. An arbitrary tyrant, he is detested in his own family, and shunned by every man of honor abroad—let him loll, and lounge,

and smile in cheerfulness, there is a gnawing worm at his heart that will one day pinch him—the strings of life, as they relax, will give birth and strength to the bitter pangs of remorse, and his wasting eye shall, in the hour of dissolution, shed its rending tear of compunctious suffering.

CENSOR.

To the Right Honourable

THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON.

MY LORD,

It was a truly fortunate circumstance for me that I chanced to be present at the Royal Exchange when the renowned Cossack first made his appearance in the precincts of the city, upon which occasion your Lordship gave such incontestible proofs of your loyalty and innate abhorrence of Napoleon and his frog-eating myrmidons. During the whole of this momentous interview, no circumstance, however, afforded me such exquisite gratification as when, upon your demanding, through the medium of an interpreter, "how many mounseers had fallen by his redoubted lance?" the reply was, "*three officers and twenty-six of the fry.*" Upon delivery of this wonderful truth (for who could possibly doubt *such a real Cossack*?) what exultation did it afford me, as a philanthropic Englishman to behold the christian-like, the humane, the enlightened, and generous citizens of London offering up, as incense to heaven, the most boisterous clamours that ever yet disturbed the tranquillity of the atmosphere. These were the real overflowings of humanity; this, indeed, might well be called treading in the paths of the divine Redeemer; how noble, how glorious to exult at the sufferings of a prostrate foe!—But to my subject. You certainly, my Lord, did enact your part

with all becoming dignity, and this proved yourself, in every respect, worthy to be the leader of your enlightened compeers east of Temple-bar. I shall, however, now proceed to acquaint you with a recent event, which will prove how delightfully your enthusiasm has been imitated, and then state my reasons for thus intruding myself upon your notice.

Some few weeks back, one of our guardians of the night, otherwise a watchman, being weary of pursuing his accustomed rounds, and conceiving himself to possess some share of comic humour, relinquished the rattle, staff, and watch-box, in order to follow the more volatile calling of buffoon to a show-man.

From the very elevated station your Lordship has been nominated to fill, it would be treason to imagine that you could dream of such a vulgar amusement as a country fair; nevertheless, my Lord, such things are, and among the rest, a vulgar entertainment of this nature (quite unlike the dignified solemnity attendant upon Lord Mayor's show) took place, about three weeks back, at Tothill-fields, Westminster; at which merry-making, the aforesaid watchman undertook to personate, for his employer, the taylor riding to Brentford, which, for a time, afforded infinite amusement to the progeny of John Bull, and another character no less conspicuous because the original was so much noticed by your Lordship, proved to be a fierce Cossack, who, spear in hand, enacted to the life, the fry-killing idol of your Lordship's worship.

In the course of this exhibition, various evolutions were performed by Snip and the northern hero, when the latter, whether seized with a momentary enthusiasm, like a second Don Quixote de la Mancha, on recalling to mind your Lordship's interview at the Royal Exchange, or whether, mentally transmogrifying the poor mock taylor into a son of the Gallic race, I will not take upon myself to determine, but certain it is, that the representative of your puissant hero, couching his lance, literally

ran the same into the temple of the Brentford equestrian, who has since become food for the worms in consequence of the wound so received.

Under all the circumstances of this case, I therefore, with becoming deference, submit to your Lordship, whether a public subscription should not be set on foot at Lloyd's, for the purpose of rewarding the heroism of the individual that personated the great Cossack, and who, fired with enthusiastic patriotism, and converting an Englishman into one of the fry, literally caused the poor Anglo-Gallican to bite the dust.

In full expectation of reading in the public prints, some very spirited appeal from your Lordship to the citizens upon this head,

-I beg to subscribe myself, &c. &c.

BOMBASTES FURIOSO.

TO LORD ELLENBOROUGH.

MY LORD,

IF I may be allowed to approach you *seriously*, upon a serious subject, to call your attention to a case, as pregnant with affliction as it is marked by the very rigor of severity, I shall do it with the greatest deference to your judicial capacity; and although, by no means, capable of deciding upon the laws, I shall offer my opinion with the freedom of an Englishman, an Englishman whose heart is tinctured by his country's characteristic, humanity! Nay, my Lord, if it is necessary that an unhappy wretch must render up his life to expiate offence, that tender impulse of human nature shall yield to the more inflexible tone of justice; I shall be found to cast away the sympathies of my soul, and though my bosom might be burthened with grief, yet could I see the sword of justice fall, and venerate its rectitude.

Every well-wisher to good order in society must ad-

mire, and is bound to support, those human laws which have emanated from those sacred dispensations of divine wisdom which are recorded to us in our scripture history; they are the rules of our civilization, the bonds of our obligation, and the first great principles which regulates our well-being, and the acts of man to man. As they demand, so shall they meet with support at my hand: but as I would not advocate their evasion, neither will I their being stretched to meet a case to their perversion or unlimited meaning.

Crime can only be an infraction of the laws, by act and intention! act *alone* cannot be the constituent of guilt.

With this position, my Lord, allow me to approach you with the case of Mr. Joseph Nash, subjecting it to your more immediate consideration and enquiry, whether, the act of which he has been adjudged guilty, subjects him legally to the very heavy penalty which awaits him? He has been pronounced, by a jury of his countrymen, guilty of forgery! forgery, how constituted? how proved? proved, you will say, by his having drawn a bill on Cobb, in the name of Edmonds, purporting to be of Banbury; but, upon enquiry, no such a man as Edmonds appears to be in existence! therefore no fraud could have been intended in that quarter; which will be readily admitted. Well then, the fraud was intended upon the prosecutors, the *Bank of England*; but is there any evidence of the *intention*? on the contrary, is there not proof of the strongest nature, that such could never have been the intention? that it was merely a time-serving expedient—an expedient which the unfortunate man never dreamt of being involved with so melancholy an issue—an expedient, I believe, frequently practiced, notorious to the Bank of England, and by some of the first mercantile houses!

My Lord, I maintain that no fraud was made out. Nash had a certain discount account with the Bank of England to a stipulated amount; the national firm would give him money upon whatever bills he paid into their hands, pro-

vided they were not the acceptances of persons notorious for the dishonour of their pecuniary engagements ; they never enquired into the stability of the security, provided the person for whom they discounted was good, and the bill bore superficially the appearance of being for a bona fide transaction.

In the present stagnated state of trade, to doubt the existence or circulation of accommodation paper, would be folly ; or to believe that the Bank of England is not well and thoroughly acquainted with the fact, as idle and absurd ; it pervades every branch of trade and commerce, it is the resort of almost every man resisting immediate pressure ; through a thousand channels it finds its way into circulation, and choaks the monied market.

My Lord, let me ask you, what is accommodation paper but a fiction, purporting to be that which it is not ?—what is the fabricated note of Mr. Nash, but a fiction of a similar stamp, professing to be that which it is not : it professes to be drawn by a Mr. Edmonds, who, if he existed, was not known ! therefore his *additional* security was not valuable ; but it is a *mere name* made use of to suit the occasion, and cannot be forgery according to its literal sense, it is not the semblance of a known hand, no such a person exists as the Mr. Edmonds described : then, my Lord, the note never could have been received *solely* or *materially* by the bank upon the *strength* of *such* security. Mr. Nash was not insolvent, I am told very far from it. Mr. Nash was an indorser of the bill, independent of the name of Edmonds, and by this act he assuredly made his property liable for its payment ; how then can it be proved, or what circumstance is there in the case, to induce an opinion, for a moment, that he ever meant to defraud ? Impossible, fraud never could have been contemplated.

The name of Edmonds was introduced upon the face of the bill, to give it a more stable appearance ; but, my Lord, the simple use of that name, under all the circumstances, could not, in my mind, constitute either fraud or forgery ; it was giving the bill a false character ! but no-

thing more—it was, as is the case with all accommodation bills, purporting to be that which it was not.

Fraudulent intentions seek a surer channel for its object than that adopted by Mr. Nash, and such must be proved to constitute the forgery in question: it is not proved, nay, so far from it, it was believed and admitted, on every hand, that the money was always intended to be paid: indeed, a man would be an idiot to believe to the contrary. Mr. Nash could by no means evade the bill, he being in his own proper name an indorser, and possessed of ample assets to meet it; and he, in fact, did offer to pay the bill afterwards, which the bank would not allow.

This case, my Lord, in my humble estimation, differs materially from every other that has hitherto come before a jury; it is one which the legislature never could have contemplated: let not the law then be eked out to meet the man, nor its heaviest sentence fall upon the father of a family whose infraction is but trivial in the scale of wrongs. I am aware, my Lord, of the importance of the crime of forgery in a great commercial nation, and of the necessity of severe regulations to root it out; I am aware that appeals to the feelings are founded in error, and ought to have little weight in opposition to the benefits likely to result from an ignominious example. Man is not hanged for forgery, but that forgery may not be committed. I am aware of this, but I cannot believe that guilt can be otherwise constituted than by the union of act with intention. The greatest outrage against human nature, the slaying of our species, graduates in enormity under the distinction of circumstances, and is found either *justifiable homicide, manslaughter, or murder*, according to what is proved of the intention or premeditation of the case, every other crime is extenuable; shall forgery alone then admit of no palliative, no mitigation of sentence? My Lord, let me call your attention to the justice of the law, and let me ask, will the execution of Mr. Nash hold up a wholesome example to the public, while it is left to contemplate the shameless enormities suffered

to exist, and in its existence weakening the morals, and relaxing the fear and shame of branded infamy? No, my Lord, while guilt more bold escapes ignominy, the example of Mr. Nash will but excite commiseration instead of terror—the sympathies of the people will be excited, but none of the pernicious vices will be checked by the witness of his unhappy fate. My Lord, I understand that you have declared the inability of the Prince Regent to save this man consistent with the ends of justice; that the commercial security of the country demands his blood; but I cannot believe such an assertion ever escaped your lips; I cannot believe, that your Lordship, who so humanely pleaded in extenuation of the guilt of the Marquis of Headfort, and the vices of the great world, could steel your heart against the sufferings of a wretched man whose enormities are but as a small fractional part of theirs. My Lord, mercy becomes the judge.—Permit me to conclude by still enforcing my former argument, and asserting its positions—Nash is not guilty of intentional fraud.

I have the honor to be,
Your Lordship's most obedient servant,
A CITIZEN.

THE REVIEWER,—No. XXI.

A Refutation of the Falsehoods and Calumnies of a recent anonymous Pamphlet, entitled "A Portraiture of Hypocrisy;" supported by numerous Original Letters and other Documents. By the Rev. J. Nightingale, Author of "A Portraiture of Catholicism," "A Portraiture of Methodism," &c. &c. &c. 8vo. p. p. 84.

As it never was the design of the *Scourge* to injure the feelings, much less to hurt the reputation of any whose public conduct has not fairly merited reproof, so it will always yield us much greater pleasure to defend injured character than even to rebuke the unworthy and the base. Under the influence of this feeling, therefore, and from an inflexible love of justice and impartiality, we have great pleasure in stating, that a perusal of the pamphlet

before us, aided by a careful examination into the truth of its contents, has most satisfactorily convinced us that the one published anonymously, and from which we selected several extracts in a former number of our work, concerning some delinquencies in the conduct of Mr. N. turn out to have been by no means of that degrading and base nature which at that time they appeared. The pamphlet before us proves that Mr. N. has been "more sinned against than sinning," and which we feel happy in observing for the sake of the sacred character of his profession. Though he does not pretend to justify himself in what has been erroneous in his conduct, he has, nevertheless, clearly shewn that the material facts of the case bear a very different character than what we feared they were capable of. He has undoubtedly acted, in one or two instances, without that regard to prudence and propriety which a better knowledge of the world would have pointed out to him, and though he appears to have suffered severely, it no doubt will afford him a lesson to be more circumspect in future.

We were misinformed with regard to the manner of Mr. N.'s leaving Macclesfield—his pamphlet contains indubitable evidence to acquit him in this particular. After stating the facts necessary to this part of his justification the author develops the nature and extent of his literary engagements, and unfolds some circumstances that led to embarrassments which no human foresight or prudence could have prevented.

We are inclined to commiserate Mr. N. with regard to his circumstances, and he must be convinced that we are not among those enemies of which he so bitterly complains. We are as ready to do justice to his insulted reputation as we have been, and shall hereafter continue to be, to put the public on their guard against the conduct of himself, or any other public individual whose example we may have reason to think is injurious to society, or whose conduct may deserve public rebuke. We must, however, decline the insertion of any farther observations from either party on this unpleasant subject.

GOLDEN MOTTOS,

CHOICELY CULLED TO ADORN THE BROWS OF THE GREAT.

(Continued from Vol. V. p. 522.)

MOTTO VII.

“*Faire sans dire.*”——LORD HOLLAND.

To act without ostentation.

FLED is that spirit once to thee allied,
The statesman, orator, and scholar's pride;
Who, void of *ostentation*, purely strove
By deeds to gain of England's sons the love.*

In thee no dearth of talent now appears,
Then why so diffident? the slave of fears—
Stand forth—to public fame at once aspire,
And emulate an *uncle's* glowing fire.

Such conduct ne'er will ostentation shew;
To act for public good is virtue's glow,
And he who dares the brilliant standard rear,
By ev'ry deed avouches—*Faire sans dire.*†

* The dearth of talent which now characterizes the political horizon tends to make us feel the more acutely those transcendent abilities which were once the boast of our country. As to the opposite opinions of such men, they do not by any means apply to the talents which they boasted, since he who revered a Fox could not but feel veneration for a Pitt; but when we find a cabinet made up of lawyers, what can be expected but *chicane*? they never *demur* in action; and as often as a *flaw* occurs, you may rest assured that a *quibble* will extricate their necks from the halter.

† I have been credibly informed by individuals well acquainted with the personage above alluded to, that he is by no means deficient in talent, and that nothing deters him from displaying those powers, but innate diffidence which, I am sorry to add, too frequently acts as a preventative to the display of acquirements which might otherwise be exerted for the benefit of the community at large.

MOTTO VIII.

"*Sans changer.*"—LORD D*R*Y.

Without changing.

With love ranging,
Without changing,
From thy very cradle;
Squat and jolly,*
Fond of folly,
And the zany's ladle.

Love Platonic,
Fever chronic,
Did poor gizzard blister,
Till grown stupid,
Civil Cupid,
Gave *Thalia's* sister.†

The powers of Hogarth were never more ably displayed than in treating the symmetry of the human structure where he contrasts the fascinating proportions of the Medicean Venus, with the inelegant appearance of a *Belle* arrayed to attend the levee in a capacious hoop: Now with respect to our *Sans Changer* the best resemblance that can be given is in calling the reader's idea to the recollection of a beer barrel, as to the *human countenance divine*: a nose I believe is usually regarded as one of its most necessary attributes: in the present instance, however, instead of a face *convex*, we will substitute a physiognomy *concave*, which makes out the portrait complete.

† There is certainly no accounting for taste as many noblemen have instanced of late years; but if I may be permitted to offer an opinion, I like all things in their proper places; therefore a good play well acted, is a very good thing, but let the actors continue *behind the curtain* whilst I remain in front a calm spectator of their mimic art. Perhaps I have even ventured too far by allowing thus much, for if I am to be ruled by the opinion of Saint Chrysostome delivered in his 13th Homily on Saint Matthew, I shall be placed in a very perilous predicament; his words are these,

"Behold yonder woman, lost to all shame, flirting on a stage before a multitude! Women who have made an act of impudence, whose looks and words instill lasciviousness into all that see and hear them, who seem to inspire with all the allurements which surround them, to root out modesty, to dishonour their sex, and fill the mind with pernicious pleasure. The words, dress, gesture, voices, songs, and motions of the eyes and body—the subject of the plays themselves are full of filth; and all inspire impurity. How can you hope to be chaste; after drinking such a cup of lasciviousness your very souls are intoxicated with it, your reason is obscured, so that you

As in pocket,
Lucy Locket
 Might slip golden caster;
 So in bag, Sir,
 Brobdignag, Sir,
 Did clap little master.

Lilliputian
 Bold as Russian,
 Has thus made good *Sans Changer*;
 The reason why,
 'Twixt you and I,
 'Tis, *Toujours Perdrix Manger* !†

relish every thing bordering on obscenity, as fornication, adultery, the debauches of women, of men, of youth, of both sexes. O Christian, shame! shame! What—citizens of heaven whose conversation is there—whose treasure is there; who are to associate with angels, archangels, seraphims, and cherubims—and to encourage with their presence those prostituted women, and all that diabolical troop which tread those *stages* of wickedness, to the ruin of themselves and admirers! remember, if there were no spectators there would be no players; remember also, that in this vain world there are plays and players, in the world to come there are only realities.”

† It is by no means uncommon to find the grey mare the better horse, and whensoever such proves the case the dame generally takes especial good care to prevent all *Faux pas* on the part of her Lord. The above line from the French is now become a proverb: its origin being as follows:—“A nobleman having a very beautiful wife was much reprehended by a bishop on account of his incontinence, upon which the gentleman being a very witty personage, invited the Divine to visit him at his palace, whose appetite, it was soon discovered, affected *Partridges* (*Perdrix*) more than any other viands. The nobleman in consequence ordered that his guest should have a dish of those birds placed before him at every meal, whereat the bishop was much surprised, and soon growing weary of the same food, expressed himself to that effect, adding *that although he loved partridges he could not for ever exist upon them.*” “I am happy to find our opinions coincide,” replied the nobleman,—“*you cannot for ever live on partridges, nor can I be satisfied with my wife only.* Our daughter of *Thalia*, however, manages things better, and therefore *Sans Changer* is obliged to feast upon the same dish, *ad infinitum.*”

MOTTO IX.

"*Lock Sicker.*" —EARL OF M^RIN.
Be Secure.

THAT courtier who would rest *secure*
Should dance the minuet *De la Cour*,
And understand
To give his hand,
From ball-room graceful leading ;
In pompous state
The rich and great
Of sycophantic breeding:

With an air, *Debonnair*,
Queen of Di'monds handing*,
Sparkling all so brightly,
Monstrous hoop unsightly
Ambling on quite lightly,
Void of care ; *heels thus bear*
All your understanding.

Come in state
Pompous great,
For the dance may trade is,
In moving I please fancy
Of *Sophy, Betsy, Nancy*,
I'm yours, dear titled ladies,
To fortune constant sticker ;
My love is tow'rd :—*Lock Sicker.*

MOTTO X.

"*A Deo et Rege.*" —EARL OF STANHOPE.
From God and the King.

I'm mightily puzzled a reason to bring
That can shew ought pertains here to God or the King,

* Sir Christopher Hatton turned out his toes with the renowned queen *Beis*, and therefore I see no reason why other Royal personages should not alike enjoy their dancing masters.—But as I hate things by halves, methinks it would be as well if such noble teachers of the *Rigadoon* step were to have the requisite fiddle, which would certainly induct them to the honorable title of *Beau Kit*, forming a sublime addition to the acquirements of a family originating in the 19th century.

Unless heaven approves that 'twixt father or son,
A race of contention for aye should be run*.

A fund of sound sense in this motto I view,
But the sagest will oft wisdom's precepts undo,
Thus the greatest of blessings kind heav'n bestows
We often convert to the source of our woes.

In argument pointed—In politics odd,
In religion I own quite convince'd of a God,
Still if call'd for decision, the judgment's perplex'd,
For the page teems with good, yet you can't read the text.

Hav'ng thus far commented I cannot urge more,
But leave my good reader himself to explore,
Whether aught from the king comes or aught from on high,
To enlighten the page of this dark mystery.

MOTTO XI.

“*Et nos quoque tela sparsimus.*”——EARL MOIRA.

We too have waged war.

'GAINST thine int'rest thou hast often
Wag'd a war the woes to soften
Which were others hearts oppressing,
And thy gen'rous mind distressing ;
Never wast thou found engaging
And a cruel warfare waging ;
For thine hand is always ready,
And thy purpose ever steady
To support the suppliant's plea,
Son of heav'n-born charity.

If in *thee* war e'er was raging,
'Twas when thou hast been engaging,

* Some individuals are so strangely perverse, as voluntarily to oppose the benefits which heaven has lavished upon them, which I denominate the commission of *Felo de se* on common sense; it is to close the barrier against reason, and stumble blindfolded amidst the blaze of day, and of such a man's character I have only three questions to propose.

Estne stultus, an sapiens improbusve fraudatur.

Cruel laws in durance chaining,
 Souls that freedom wou'd be gaining,
 Debtors wretched:—pining friendless,
 Doomed to suffer rigor endless ;
 May such war continue ever,
 Till I view such bondage sever !
 Hailing mercy still in thee,
 Child of pure philanthropy* !

MOTTO XII.

Sola nobilitas virtus.—MARQUIS OF A**RC**N.

Virtue is the only nobility.

THIS motto tho' in moral true
 Scarce can apply, great Sir, to you,
 Unless we all agree
 That *virtue's self* consists in *pride*,
 And thereto tacking on beside
 Of gentle helpmates three.†

Yet soft:—thou dost possess indeed
 That *virtue* which is Scotia's creed,
 The motto thus comes pat ;
 Since Sawney's *nobleness* I ween
 Shines prominent—in being *mean*,
 Which hits thee off—that's flat.

* If a noble, disinterested, and truly generous spirit ever inhabited the bosom of man, behold it, gentle reader, even now before you ; and indeed if any fault can be found it consists in his adopting the precepts of philanthropy—without a due consideration of *self*, which has not unfrequently thus subjected the most unsuspecting mind to become the dupe of plausible knavery :—Independent of this leading feature, let us view the individual under consideration as a man of talent, and he will be found to possess the most consummate abilities which nothing but political difference has prevented the nation from experiencing in a manner that would have conferred as much honor upon himself, as it would have afforded matter of exultation to the public in general.

† One wife is usually esteemed sufficient for any man ; what a devil of a stomach must he then possess, who dares encounter a *Trio* ! when a divorce intervenes to give him the hymeneal fever ; however, Filch in the Beggar's Opera, says *that woman seduces all mankind*, which doubtless accounts for it in the present instance.

Reply to an Article inserted in the SCOURGE of last month, addressed to Mr. ———, and purporting to be the Memoirs of an Author.

MR. EDITOR,

IF I am not most egregiously mistaken, the end proposed by your numbers, is not only to prove castigator general, but at the same time afford an opportunity to others of rectifying any erroneous statements that may chance to meet the public eye through the medium of your monthly print; as such I naturally expect from your justice and candour that due attention will be paid to the present communication; as, by insertion of the same it will become manifest how many statements may be palmed upon the world that have not veracity for their basis. I shall refrain from all acrimony in my remarks, as the plain language of truth will be the best adapted to answer the end proposed.

The writer of the article alluded to, after concluding his exordium, proceeds to acquaint the public that the anonymous author of whom he treats, has, for a series of debaucheries broken down his constitution and ruined his intellect; now to be plain with you, Mr. Editor, I have known the individual alluded to for the last twenty years and upwards, nor is it six months since I saw him within an hundred miles of London, upon which occasion I will venture to assert that never was a man possessed of a better stamina, with looks that indicated *runder* health, and whose intellects were more vigorous and unimpaired. —We are next favored with a panegyric on the brilliancy of this writer's talents upon his first embarking on the grand career of literature; that his name might have been immortalized, and that the fervid blaze of genius characterized the effusions of his dawning muse; but in conclusion we are told of the sad reverse; that debauchery had so far blunted the brilliancy of his talents that the portals of the booksellers were

closed upon him, and that his labours had of late years been regarded as the puerile offerings of exhausted talent. How far all this may be correct let the ensuing facts make manifest.—Now so far from the publishers' doors being shut against his lucubrations, be it known that no less than *thirty-nine volumes* have been ushered forth by these same booksellers when I last saw the writer in question, and I have since been given to understand that *three* additional volumes have appeared, making a total of *forty-two*. So much for a paucity of talent and the alledged neglect of the publishers.

We are then, in due course, given to understand, that from a very early production of this author's genius, he realized a profit of 4,000*l.*; but what will the reader say, when I acquaint him that I was present at a banker's in Pall-mall when the *real sum* acquired by this son of Parnassus was *bona fide* paid down; and that in lieu of 4,000*l.* only 300*l.* was received, out of which 60*l.* came into the possession of the person alluded to; this is a fact so notorious, that it is astonishing a falsehood of so much magnitude and so barefaced could be committed to the press.

The next allegation is, that chambers in the Temple were occupied by this same writer, who, I will take upon myself to declare, never was an inhabitant of that inn of court, and with respect to his being engaged as a writer to an evening print, I can equally make it manifest that he never penned one paragraph for an afternoon paper in the whole course of his life. I shall now advert to one more topic, though it be painful to my feelings, as the party alluded to is no more; but truth claims this sacrifice at my hands. The writer of the article to whom I allude in the present production, next proceeds to mourn, in the most pathetic terms, the fate of a wretched female, totally abandoned by the writer, whose career he pretends to delineate; which, being read with pathos, sounds extremely well upon paper; but now let us for one moment summons in matter of sterling fact to

our aid. The person so sympathized, whose real habits and character were for a long period artfully concealed from the author, with whom she lived, became at length known to him, when the truth proved as follows: The female in question, shortly after the age of twelve years fled from her parents and native county, and prior to the attainment of the age of thirteen years and an half was completely initiated into all the depravity of King's Place, where she resided with the notorious Mrs. W——r; from this early intuition it may well be imagined how far her morals were improved by the time she had accomplished her eighteenth year, at which epoch the writer adverted to first became acquainted with her. I can only myself conscientiously affirm that I have seen her—not tipsey, but dead-drunk, and have frequently expostulated with her protector upon the folly of continuing to cohabit with such a creature, when the uniform reply upon his part was; “So long as she continues faithful to my bed I will never abandon her.”—The sequel, however, made manifest her practice of secret cohabitation with different men while under her guardian's roof; who, one day, surprised her with a gentleman, when being taxed with inconstancy, she not only avowed it, but gloried in the act, accompanying such confession with language not to be repeated, and that too in the presence of witnesses: the natural result was a separation, but not in the way mentioned by the writer of the article adverted to; for the whole of the furniture contained in the residence they had inhabited was given up to this female, who from that moment followed up a course of prostitution, and ended her career by dying of the dropsy; which proved the result of a constant state of inebriety; it may not be amiss to add that she felt contrition upon her death-bed for the conduct she had pursued towards our author, and would have experienced comfort in receiving his pardon, which from the nature of his feelings, had he then resided near the metropolis, and been made acquainted with the fact, I can take upon myself to assert would have been most freely accorded.

With regard to other statements, and more particularly the last assertion but one in your correspondent's paper of last month, I do not think it necessary to dwell upon the subject, as from my acquaintance with facts I know its fallacy, and conceive it beneath retort; but on the score of this writer's failings, he most certainly possesses his share, and the most heinous of his crimes, is in my humble opinion, the never having taken care of the main chance, by consulting his individual interest; his life, indeed, has proved one tissue of *self-persecution, resulting from self*, in lieu of wounding the feelings even of his most inveterate enemies, and of this fact I am thoroughly convinced from a twenty-years knowledge, as before stated; but as to any real vice, at least, I boldly assert that it does not constitute a feature of his character.

I have only further to add, that, being now engaged in the *printing line*, it cannot be expected of me, that I should emulate the style of a professed author.—I only step forward to correct errors by a recapitulation of facts, and shall here close my communication, by stating

Audi alteram partem.

Miscellanea.

A GOOD JOKE!!!

The admirable talent of *joking* was never better exerted or with more lively effect than at a recent *converzazione* in the vicinity of Grosvenor-square, by a certain antiquated belle, perhaps not very celebrated for the flippancy of her wit, or the liveliness of her repartee, but certainly very happy on the occasion alluded to. A lady of distinction ascending the stair-case to join the *converzazione* party above, accidentally dropped a beautiful *diamond cross*, which for a few minutes was not missed. A diligent search was instituted immediately upon discovery, but without any effect, and the thing was given up as lost; when the belle of the last century, already alluded to, in drawing her handkerchief from her ridicule, *accidentally* exposed to the

astonished sight of some of the party *the precious gem!* Amazement, mixed with a tolerable portion of *suspicion* as to the *intention* or *object* of the lady, was painted on every countenance. The lady herself seemed a little embarrassed by *apprehension* and alarm—indeed, in a *less elevated* situation, it is presumed the appearance of Townshend would have been summoned; but in a *person of quality* dishonorable intentions could not be suspected;—however the matter was soon decided by an hysterical laugh on the part of the dilemma'd belle, who declared she had detained it for the purpose of *amusement*, and renewing the laugh a little more hearty and stunning, the company were observed to mutter gravely it was a *good joke!*—and retired to their amusements of the evening.

What does the Morning Post mean by charging his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex with being in opposition, and a sort of declaimer against his *illustrious* brother?—We ask, was it not through the medium of the Duke of Sussex that the calumnies against the Princess of Wales first reached her royal husband's ears? Did he not feel for the honor of his brother? and was he not anxious to render him every service in fathoming that unhappy affair? Shall that apostate print, then, in the fulness of its malignity, charge him with being a sort of calumniator or detractor of his august prince and sovereign? It is true that difference of opinion *may* and *does* exist between those illustrious personages, but those differences arise out of mere *political opinion*, and nothing more.

Let the Morning Post recommend to the Junta who direct its columns his Royal Highness as a *proper* person for *dignified command*, *honors*, and *employments*, and they will have no occasion to *complain* of him as a patriot! or *opponent* of those men and manners which now direct the destinies of Britain!

The young and accomplished Miss S——, on being uncouthly and rudely urged to join in a dance by Lord ——, who holds a commission in the Guards, very neatly remarked that the ladies, as well as the country, had seriously to deplore the state of the times, which was *not civil but military!*

King Henry the Sixth, on being rebuked for the meanness of his attire by the Earl of Warwick, is said to have replied "*It*

becomes a king to excell his subjects in virtue, not in vesture,"
 What would our more glorious Regent have said?

It has been observed of the Marquis of Wellington that in practical military science he more nearly resembles Buonaparte than any other general, and that he is not very scrupulous in the sacrifice, provided the object is attained:—thus, like his great cotemporary, he will give orders for the most dangerous enterprize, and see it executed with imminent risk. By no means inclined to negative this merit, we rather applaud it as a sort of military enthusiasm honorable to the soldier, and calculated to lead to the greatest advantages, because encompassing what may be termed improbabilities; beating down fortuitous as well as vigorous opposition, you reach the laurel while you plant terror in the hearts of the assailed and render future victory more easy and certain—Aware that the lion's spring is not to be checked, that he possesses a stamina defying death, an enemy will quickly yield his ground—having no hopes in opposition, and yielding timidly a victory which, but for the precedent of former times, might have been made a terrible and a dear-bought purchase. In the last Peninsular campaign this gallant general is said to have highly praised a regiment of cavalry, which he had at that moment ordered to an almost unattainable object, and to certain death. "Advance, Colonel," cried Wellington, "and cut off the guns of the enemy, which are now dealing such destruction among our infantry—ride up to the charge with that noble regiment, which is the *first* in the world." "I will, General," replied the Colonel, moving forward, "and before the enterprize is accomplished, I have no doubt of their being the *first in the next*."

The learned Boerhaave observes, that the frequent use of strong and inebriating liquors leads to the fatal necessity of continuance as the support of that life which is diseased and shortened—may not a passion for the frail fair be productive of the same effect? If so, who shall condemn the—— for indulgence tending to prolong a life so valuable to Englishmen? We ourselves would willingly tender him his morning draught of eggs and brandy—his morning glass and his evening lass—to confirm to Old England for any lengthened period the blessings

she now enjoys. Aware that bodily infirmity begets mental irritability, we would never as schoolboys twit him with his corpulency, the state of his nerves, &c. No, no—awed by the fate of the Duke of Norfolk, who lost his head for a foolish and *false* observation on the bodily appearance of him whom historians have dared to call the *fat* Harry! we shall pay more *respect* to the R——, with a better regard to the *present* agreeable state of our necks.

How to live like a Prince.—A gentleman whose fortunes by extravagance were expiring by rapid consumption, was asked “How he lived in these hard times;” to which he replied, not dismayed by the pressure of circumstances, “Faith, I live like a prince:” “Live like a prince!” returned the other, a little surprized, “and pray how may that be?” “Why then, in truth,” replied he, “*I eat and drink freely, and owe much money.*” This may be living like a prince, but not altogether like a regent, who not only eats and drinks, and owes much money, but ——— further this deponent sayeth not!

Among the items of expenditure enumerated in the late debate in the Commons on the Civil List, was set forth 7000*l.* as an *annual* disbursement for *snuff-boxes*! “Have mercy on me,” exclaimed a country member in amazement; “what can the Queen do with so many snuff-boxes?”

The learned lord who so bitterly complained of the *brutal and savage indifference with which men* headed by a brewer, *throw about slander at the highest characters, tossing firebrands* and asking *am I not in sport*, declares that he is not *yet* cool, and should a serious case of *libel* come before him, he verily believes he should not survive a fit of *St. Anthony's fire*!—Heaven avert such a calamity befalling the land!

MONUMENTAL RECORDS.

THE sepulchral honours, Mr. Editor, that are paid to the dead, for the purpose of inciting emulation, have received the sanction of all ages; but as the generality of mural inscriptions are professedly so many panegyrics, it has been very justly observed that they are seldom confined to truth. No one, however transcendent his abilities—however exalted his station, should be commended for virtues which he never possessed. Yet we often find that flattery, the close ally of hypocrisy, bears the most prominent features in descriptions of this kind. Animated with all the glow of language, and assisted by the warmth of friendship, it is not uncommon to observe the monuments of men whom posterity has abundant reason to lament the existence of, emblazoned with encomiums of an exalted nature, and exhibiting a train of virtues peculiar only to supernatural beings.

If the word *epitaph* has been properly defined, there cannot be a doubt but it will indiscriminately admit of censure or praise. Hence, if it be commendable to preserve heroic deeds or virtuous actions “’gainst the tooth of Time, and razure of Oblivion;” it is also requisite that the tyrant who has wantonly depopulated kingdoms, or the statesman who has basely bartered the dearest interests of his country, be depicted in language correspondent to their actions. They should be exhibited as beacons to warn others from impending detestation. Truth ought never to be sacrificed at the shrine of flattery or self-interest. Without this qualification there can be no reliance upon language. It is the main link of union—the basis of human happiness.

I have been led into this train of thinking from an inscription for the monument of a late eminent statesman, which mere accident has thrown in my way. The contrast between that written by the learned colleague of the deceased, and the one alluded to, is certainly very striking.

But as they will, on comparison, illustrate the observations just made, I shall, supposing your readers to have seen the one already given to the world, with your permission, only say, in the words of Hamlet—"Look on *that* picture, and on *this*!"—and, without offering any opinion of my own, leave every one to determine for himself which approximates nearest to the standard of truth.

Sacred to the Memory of

WILLIAM PITT,

(Son of the great and good Earl of Chatham)

Who inherited all the transcendent abilities of his
illustrious Father,

Without manifesting any of his virtues.

He supported prerogative, to the imminent danger of the
constitution; and exhibited an example of
lofty pride and unbounded ambition,
which has never been surpassed
by mortal.

Equally disdainful and impatient of instruction—scornfully
despising the attempts at controul—and ever opposing
his own obstinate and ill-formed opinions
to the superior lessons of experience
and wisdom;

He lighted up the torch of discord, and plunged his country
into a disastrous, sanguinary, and interminable war,
the effects of which will be deplored
by ages yet unborn.

He stigmatized the constitutional societies of the country
as seditious and traitorous, although he had
formed and fostered them, and given life
and soul to their operations by the
impulse of his genius, and the
force of his declamatory
powers:

While, to complete his character, he persecuted men
for professing his own doctrines, and that with
such implacability as truly denoted
his apostacy.

He augmented the burthens of the people beyond all former
example—deemed the food of the labouring mechanic
a luxury—and levied an exorbitant and
ruinating tax on the mean necessary
for its supply.

He lavished the public money with a profusion unprecedented
in the annals of the empire ;

And interposed his authority and influence to screen state
delinquents from the merited vengeance
of offended laws.

At length,

Having exhausted his power of doing evil, and increased the
catalogue of human miseries to a pitch of
intolerant magnitude ;

He yielded the palm to his most inveterate enemy
and ambitious rival,

And became a prey to that grief which invariably springs
from chagrin and disappointment ;

(Bitterly lamented by a horde of placemen, pensioners,
and ministerial sycophants,)

Pitifully exclaiming with his last breath,
“ O my poor country ! ”

The citizens of London, anxious to express gratitude for the
ample portion of general calamity which fell to their share,
have erected this monument in their Guildhall, and have
caused the above inscription to be placed thereon ; not in the
vain hope of extending this great man's fame,—as his su-
perlative achievements can never be forgotten, so long as
SIX HUNDRED MILLIONS OF RECOLLECTIONS remain,—but
only to shew to future ages, that neither power nor riches,
rank nor station, can escape the justice of posterity.

Yours, &c.

A LOVER OF TRUTH.

THE THEATRES.

THE prolific shoots of the drama of the winter theatres generally at this time are no more than literary excrescences, which die with the season, budding only for the performers' benefits, who have a prescriptive privilege, on those occasions, for Punch's mummeries, and exhibiting the drolleries of a jack pudding from Bartholomew fair. To try these efforts upon the standard of *fair* criticism is generally considered *unfair*, but we think on the contrary, however we may sacrifice to custom.

How wretchedly depraved must be the taste of the town if it could delight to witness the impudent extravagance of Liston burlesquing Shakespeare's *Ophelia*!!! but it is not the case—the town follows him merely to observe how disgust can be excited, and by what efforts be sustained. Then the ladies, those who are blessed with a fine leg, and a voluptuous figure, they step forward to gratify us in *breeches*, and put the boarding-school misses to the blush—Miss S. Booth appears in the character of Douglas, not to play the part, but to play with it. But let us turn from this licentiousness; we cannot dwell even with anger upon these fooleries, and in the ladies somewhat more—the expedients are contemptible, disgraceful!

At Covent Garden we have been treated with a new melodrama, called “the Brazen Bust,” by Mr. C. Kemble, a sickly plant, which died ere puppies have lived to see the light.

At Drury Lane we have had “Lose no Time,” from the fashionable pen of Mr. Skeffington—however, the hint was not happily taken, for on its second and third representation, a host of *private* enemies appeared, who *lost no time* in expressing their disapprobation of the piece. It had sufficient merit to deserve a more lengthened life than three nights.—The “Hole in the Wall,” has met with a little more success.

SUMMER THEATRES.

Little Theatre, Haymarket.—We regret that we cannot announce the opening of this interesting theatre, and the termination of the disputes of the proprietors. It is with a deep

feeling of concern we observe the continuance of the bitter animosities which seem to have for their object the ruining of the finances of one or other of the parties. We think, if the Lord Chamberlain has any controul, he should interfere: if not, the Lord Chancellor ought to take it out of their hands for the benefit of the whole.

Surry Theatre.—Mr. Elliston, always in quest of novelty, has produced at this theatre a very interesting ballet, founded on a popular Welsh tale, called Llewellyn, or the Faithful Gellert, in which two dogs are introduced of wonderful sagacity, and giving the most finished interest to the scene in which they are introduced—the rescue of a child from murder. This piece has been attended with very great and deserved success.

Astley's Amphitheatre.—The attractive spectacle of Ferdinand of Spain at this house, aided by the inimitable performance of Mrs. Astley, with the amusing extravaganza, called Billy Button's Journey to Brentford, which excites the broad laugh, perhaps coarser than any thing we have ever witnessed, is nightly received with very great eclat by full houses.

Sadler's Wells Aquatic Theatre.—The pantomime of London, or Harlequin and Time, is the best we have seen at either of the theatres this season, made up of better tricks, changes, and very interesting scenery. Rokeby, or the Spectre of the Glen, is very well told; and the principal scene, that of two ships in action on real water, excites bursts of admiration.

In our next we shall have to notice the opening of the Pantheon for burlettas and pantomime, under the management of Mr. Hill, late of Covent Garden Theatre. We wish it success, and venture to hint, that that can only be purchased by judicious pieces and chaste performances.—It is a quarter of the town where something more is expected than to amuse the vulgar,

i-
ne
d
ne
e-

r,
d
l-
r,
y
e

i-
d
d
l,

-
r
d
o,
n

-
f
o,
-
e
r



Original 1880 by H. W. 1245 Kensington St



PARING JOHN BULL for GENERAL CONGR



When you have finished your labors Gentle men bring him to me & I will prepare his Epitaph

Give me this cake John - it is too large for your Swallow & by your leave I will take a little Blood from you to prevent your dying of Plethora

Here we go Johnny two to one we win the day

THE DRAKE WELLINGTON
I have just gift in aid of
the poor & a
placard to the
people

SICILIAN
SUBSIDY

CONGRESS.

G. Cruikshank fecit